

WAR CRY



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VICTORIA'S HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Between \$400 and \$500 so Far, with More to Come in Still.

During the last fortnight, our officers and soldiers have been busy canvassing for cash and kind of all sorts and sizes towards our Festival.

On Friday, some of the soldiers fixed up the back of the platform to receive the many gifts that fish, paper and begging should bring

dian comrades from Fort Simpson took part, we marched back to the barracks and had a lively time. The people stretched their necks and stared when our Indian comrades spoke and sang of God's power to save and keep the Indian as well as the white man. They sing our songs, words and tunes with as much Army go and spirit as if they had been Salvationists for years. They will be a great help to the officer appointed for the Indian work when he goes north. I believe there are a lot of blood-washed Indians anxiously awaiting his

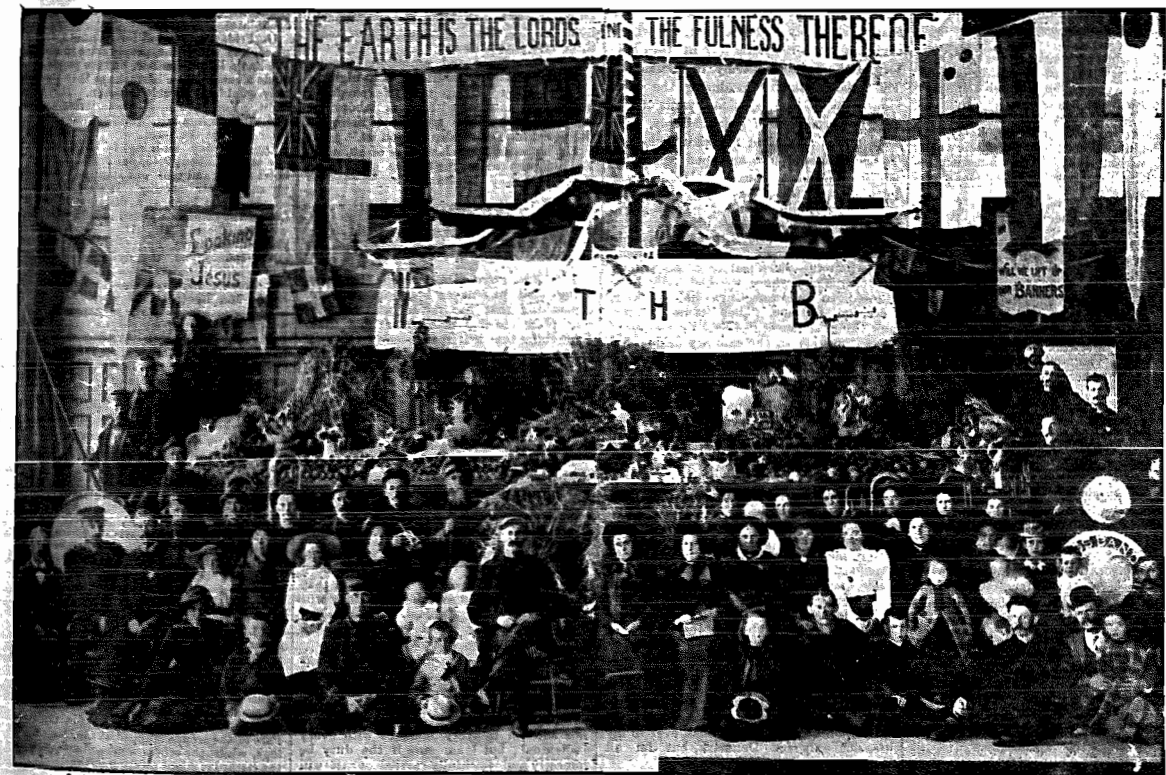
On Monday gifts still came pouring in, even up to the time of meeting, so that we had to have a large table in front of the platform to hold them.

To describe the contents of the platform and table would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. All classes of the community gave of their wares and cash to help us. One gentleman gave a gold-headed cane, another a fine Irish setter; our Japanese friends, fancy goods; John Chinamen, tea, etc. Some of the farmers promised a calf and pig, but they did not arrive in time, still they will come later on. Chickens were also among the stock.

As we met for our march, faith and expectation ran high as to the final result. But the march—oh, my!—it must be seen to be realized. There were the gleaners in their white straw hats with their shawls, the band lads with the Adjutant (who is also a band-lad), with working clothes, straw hats trimmed with corn, just as they come from the harvest field. As we paraded the streets, the people ran to see what was coming next. The Salvation

for the opening song. After a few earnest prayers for souls, and God's blessing on the meeting, the gleaners sang out of the WAR CRY.

"Bringing in the sheaves," led by Captain Green, who has come to assist the Ensign in the Rescue Home. After a few testimonies and another earnest appeal, the Adjutant closed about nine p.m. The excitement rose to fever pitch as Band-Sergeant Keefe, the corps auctioneer took his stand and commenced to dispose of the gifts of fruit and vegetables. Ireland was well represented by about a dozen bags of potatoes; most of them went to the Rescue Home store, with fruit and vegetables, and other unnumbered blessings, which will rejoice the inmates of Rescue Home, both small and great. God bless the lads who come to our meetings, who not only gave well, but bought well and gave again. We are still praying that they will give themselves to help on God's work. While the sale of goods was going on, the coffee and cake stalls, presided



You must know that our dear Adjutant is a great believer in that promise of Holy Writ, "Ask and ye shall receive," also in that song we used years ago, "If you don't at first succeed, try, try again."

The people of Victoria can bear testimony that the Salvation Army soldiers here are not backward in following the example of their leader. Before the meeting, night the platform was covered with a miscellaneous assortment of fish, vegetable, fancy goods, dry goods,

After our departure, in which some in-

arrival. After Adjutant had explained the object of the meeting, and urged everyone to help all they could, we had a lively time. God was in our midst, but no one would yield to Him.

On Sunday, God was with us all day, and abundantly blessed us in our own souls.

In the afternoon the Adjutant enrolled six comrades, three being the Indians from Fort Simpson.

As night we had a good crowd, who gave liberally to the collection inside, notwithstanding the collection at the door. They knew this was a special effort.

Army is gone mad "sure enough," as the Cornishman says. As we marched up Yates Street towards our usual open air stand, the people literally blocked the street, thinking we were going to stop there, but we were in for something unusual that night and marched on, and they followed with open mouths. It was a kind of go-as-you-please march; of course, farmers could not be expected to march straight—the band lads were like stragglers all over the shop.

The crowd followed us into the barracks, which was crammed. The band played, "Pull down the devil's kingdom."

over by Sisters Mortimer and Coffey, did a thriving trade.

Now, dear WAR CRY, I dare say you are anxious to hear whether Victoria, B.C., has lost her usual position in the annual race. "Keep believing." We have so far between \$400 and \$500, with more to come in. The Adjutant will send the final result.

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." Notwithstanding hard times, little or no work, Victoria means to go ahead, and never say die.

SERGEANT-MAJOR, SEP 29, 94.

HO, HO, BOYS!

Volunteers for the Lifeboat.



O, HO, BOYS! See, the wreck is sinking fast, soon she will be no more. Your chance of rescuing the already half-drowned souls of men will soon be past! See them on every hand sinking lower and lower into the sea of degradation. Hear them now crying for "HELP" as they almost disappear beneath the surface of time! See the life-line hanging on the beach idle, for the want of a hand and strong arm to throw it out to these shipwrecked souls!

"To the front the cry is ringing." Will you still sit down and see these souls going

Right Down to Hell?

Will you not arouse from your idle dreaming and rush to the beach and throw out the life-line to these lost souls? Remember you are one of God's watchmen for Lifeboat men, and if you fail to sound the trumpet then, God will require their blood at this hand. The harvest truly is ripe, but the laborers few.

Come with me into one of our Shelters. See that poor soul lying helpless on the stone floor; see what sin has done for him; once he was his mother's joy. How he used to pray at his mother's knee, but he launched out alone in this world of sin and drifted away from all that was good, from virtue to worse, and the devil has

Wound the Chain Closer

and closer, until he almost gives up in despair of thinking to become a better man again.

See that other man sitting there. Once he was able to testify to the power of God to save and to keep, but through some act of disobedience he has fallen away from all that is good, and now the devil has him bound down by sin. Beware, I say. If God is calling you to do a certain work, arise, be up and at it. Do not question the voice of God, do not begin to make excuses on the

Great Judgment Morning.

You say, "But I can't do this, or that. I have no education; I can't sing or pray very much, or speak."

Remember, I repeat, if God has called you to do a certain work, He is also able to supply you with the means to do it, and He will not leave you

Give right in to God, and let Him have His way with you, and your peace will be as a river, continually flowing, as a well of water bubbling up into life everlasting.

Soon the opportunity of doing good will be forever past.

You will stand before the Great White Throne and have to face those souls who are eternally lost, but who might have been saved had you but yielded your all to God and launched out on the promises of Him Who is mighty to save.

CLAUDE LESTON, Lifeboat.

JUST ONE SNEAK.—A woman that attracted a crowd occurred in the Bowery very early the other morning, says the New York Sun. A girl not over twenty years old, many of whose natural beauties of face could be distinguished through her tears, sat on a doorstep of a saloon. She was well dressed.

A group stood watching her, and while some of them inquired sympathetically why she seemed so distressed, a young man wearing the customary police badge of the Salvation Army edged her way through the crowd, and catching sight of the wayward girl went up to her.

The Salvationist, resting upon one knee on the stone step, threw her right arm over the shoulder of the weeping girl, and taking her by the hand drew her close to her and talked to her in a tone too low to be heard by the bystanders.

The utmost quiet prevailed, although the crowd soon moved toward the door.

After a little while the girl was noticed to have ceased crying. She brightened up, and the blinding moisture disappeared from her eyes. A smile took the place of the drawn look on her face, and she clung closely to her comforter. She finally arose, embraced the Salvationist warmly, and then started up toward Third Avenue, the arm of the Salvation Army has entwined around the waist of her apparently reclaimed sister. The crowd silently dispersed.

THE LAST DAYS OF SUMMER.

BY THE GENERAL.

At this season everything around us in Nature reminds us that the pleasant days and long nights of the summer of 1894 are fast drawing to a close. Winter brings to the Salvationist opportunities for carrying out the darling purposes of his soul in certain directions, which make it superior to every other season, but the summer has, of necessity, certainly the advantage of every other period for open-air operations.

My recent field work on the continent has powerfully stirred my heart and revived within me the convictions of a life-time as to the wonderful and undeveloped possibilities of usefulness connected with

Out-Door Fighting.

There was, first, that remarkable Sunday on the water and in the forest in Sweden. Then came the wonderful day in Holland, when these thousands of Dutch soldiers, friends and strangers crowded into the beautiful grounds of Amerfoort, and sat or stood for five hours, closely packed together, in spite of wind and rain, listening to the most potent appeals that we could possibly make in favor of their individual surrender to God.

Then came the Copenhagen Day. I don't dwell upon the Riddling School, with its one hundred souls at the many-seat, but refer to the work done in

The Great Temple of Nature,

under the canopy of heaven itself. It was that in which my soul delighted, and which constituted it a red-letter day in the history of the Salvation Army in Denmark. The three meetings held during the previous week in the spacious yards of the city, by permission of the landlords, were a splendid preparation for what followed.

To march a band into an open space, on which abutted a square or triangle of lofty piles of what we in England call workmen's dwellings, and then, with music and singing and addresses, bring together an audience of at least a thousand people—meeting the eager faces at the doors and windows—was a matter of no trifling nature in a city where we had only been allowed to hold meetings indoors, as it were, on Sundays. Then came another new thing, the meetings held by consent of the authorities in the military fields; and last came

The Ceremonial Meeting

in the King's Garden, by permission also; and for which this splendid public promenade was closed to the public from two to half-past five on the Sunday afternoon, giving us permission to make a charge for admission into the park.

I assure you, my British brethren, that your Danish comrades, with the General at their head, hardly knew where they were on that Sunday. It was all so new, so grand, and better still, so frightened with promised blessings for the future that we could hardly believe that things were as they were.

But it was all real matter-of-fact, and when I rose to speak to that crowd of six thousand people in the very centre of that proud, gay, worldly, unbelieving city, and felt that I had as thoughtful and attentive an audience as I ever had anywhere in my life, I took fresh heart, and was inspired with a new courage, and had crossed within me a stronger faith than ever in my life, not only for Denmark, but for all Europe—nay, for all the world.

The Salvation Army was commenced in the open-air. Some of her greatest triumphs have been won in the open-air in the past, and, hallelujah, she is going to do wonders before all the world in the open-air in the future.

All through the year, and all over Great Britain, we have been marching about and singing our glorious songs and playing our music and beating our drums and appealing to the people—yes, and all over the world we have fought as no other Christian people have ever fought under the sun—we have reduced the open-air work to

A Salvation Science.

All had to be written who, at so great a

price of self-denial and toil and suffering, yes, even of health and life, have done this. And yet, my comrades, I feel constrained to ask the question. Have we made the most of the summer that is just closing? Have we, in the countries where we have perfect liberty, done what we might with the camp meeting—the forest gatherings, the meetings in the market places, at the street corners, in the yards, in the alms, on the village greens, and in the all but numberless places to which we can march and take our stand, and lift up the Cross and proclaim Christ as

The Only All-Sufficient Saviour of the World?

Now my comrades, if we have not done what we might—what we ought to have done—in this open-air war, let me remind you that

"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

We often feel that this is a melancholy reflection for the poor sinner, whose day of grace is drawing to a close. But it is not also a sad reflection for us, if we are allowing the summer to pass, and the harvest to end without straining every nerve to save these same poor sinners from darkness.

In these, the last days of summer, crowds are flocking to fields and moors and hill sides to kill and slay the innocent creatures that abound there, and that in many instances for the alone pleasure of killing and slaying them.

Thousands and thousands more are filling up our holiday resorts in order to amuse themselves with the fashions, frivolities, and gaieties for which they are noted. Others are rushing away to distant lands to find pleasure in beholding strange scenery, fresh people, climbing mountains, or something else that is novel.

Other purposes and ambitions occupy our minds, and my leading idea to-night is to urge you to fill up the few remaining days of the autumn with extra labor for the publishing of the message of mercy to the perishing multitudes around us.

Let us value these last days of summer. To him who writes or to some who read these lines they may be

The Last Days of Earth.

Anyway, let us utilize them to the uttermost. Will you do so, my comrades? If so—

1. Put on extra open-air work. Do something that has never been done before. Something that has never been done in that place—in that manner—at that time. Something that will reach some fresh people, or strike the old people in some new way. Don't say anything new cannot be done, but go and do it.

2. Do the open-air work with more directness. Let there be more definiteness in what is said, and sung, and prayed. Go with more straightforwardness to the point you have in view. Be determined to be heard by the people and to be understood, and to secure a response. Load your guns, and then take your aim, and sharpen your swords, and then strike for the hearts of those before you.

3. Let there be more earnestness in the open-air. More fire—more real—more burning love. Make the people feel that you mean what you say, and then they will be bound to think and feel, too, and come over to your side. Be as earnest outdoors as you are indoors, and more so.

4. Give yourselves to fishing at every open-air meeting. Officers should tell of certain soldiers for this duty, and see that they discharge it faithfully, affectionately, and skillfully. Fishing will not do everything, nor succeed in every instance with every individual; but I am sure if the duty be honestly and faithfully carried out, it will accomplish wonders.

Now, my comrades, let us look at these few coming harvest days with hungry hearts and longing eyes. They are

All That is Left of the Summer of 1894.

They are not gone yet. We will count them and use them for the glory of our Lord and the salvation of the people, and we shall be able to give a good account of them. If you say, "Whether the opportunity offered us be a large or a small one is God's business; that we make the very most of it is ours. Let us see that we discharge it as those who will have to

Give Account of Their Stewardship.

TO AND FRO.

I proceeded on my journey as far as Maastricht, where I spent the night with Brother & Sister Evelyn. Some years ago both had called and applied for the work, but did not fill up their forms. Oh, my comrades, throughout our Dominion, you whom God is calling, yield yourselves to Him or He may strip you of all. Had a good talk with Sister Evelyn, who is well. She said she felt sure now if she would obey God she would be better than the antagonisms now—read Galatians 5th chapter, last verse. I went on my way rejoicing that I ever left my all to follow Him.

I arrived at GAMES BANK ten minutes ahead of the time. We refreshed our war horses, and Edna Mylan and I had a little chat. We proceeded on our journey home. We arrived back at Brother and Sister Evelyn's and stopped for dinner, nine of us. Had a nice little prayer meeting with our comrades, and started again.

We called again at Mrs. Finney's and all partook of a nice drink of milk to refresh us travelling on the hot, dusty roads. We also called on a dear man who was nearing the end. We prayed and commended him to God.

We stopped at OAKWOOD, all remaining in our cars. I gave out a song. We sang and invited them to come to LITTLE BRITAIN on Sunday afternoon and Monday night, where the trouble would be.

We started for LINDSAY. We arrived in good time. Then the holiness meeting on Saturday. We had a very strong open-air work, crowded with liberalists all night. Sunday, good times; nine forward at night. Monday night, at Little Britain, a good crowd.

Tuesday we proceeded to OMBREE, one of Mrs. Edna Turner's old stations. Being busy times our crowd was small, but it was a good one. After meeting I drove home with my load.

On Wednesday we went our way to FENLON FALIA, where the camp meetings were. We had good crowds.

On Thursday we proceeded to KIRKBOY. As soon as we entered the village what would you expect? After our eyes were the tent of the Kickapoo Indians. We had a running open-air right between the hotel and the tent. Eight at the Cross inside. Now for some candidates.

On Friday we started for NORLAND, a small place, but where the people come in crowds. We had a large crowd, but the people were not so much interested in the barracks as they thought they would not be able to get in. They were right. You have heard about being packed like sardines in a box, well that was about it. Four knelt at the foot.

On Saturday morning on to CONCORD. We arrived about 9:45, put our horses in the hotel, and then stood on the street for an open-air meeting. It was rather bad as the crowd kept at a distance. Three or four of the comrades joined in with us. They wish for officers' signs. (Disobedient, hanging on soldiers, hurry up. God wants you, the Army wants you, the dying soldier wants you, help!) It was a touching sight to see the people here who have to creep on his hands and knees to get about. He gladly gave his testimony. We collected \$1.75 towards clearing off an old balance of \$2.50 took read on the hall. Wished them good bye, and made another start for Fenlon. Dinner at Fenlon. We had a nice time here for an hour or so singing, chatting, and praying.

We made another start for FENLON FALIA again, where we met our Provincial leader, Brigadier de Barris. Then away for a couple of open-air, led in such a happy, free, go-ahead way as only our leader can do. We went off to the tent, where we were reading the Bible, and two other sisters came to the Cross.

Sunday morning, 6:30, we were on the move. My humble servant, with six or seven others, went for a march to room them up. At 10:30 we met outside the tent. I went to get our holy mail, as the Brigadier said. A good stirring time. Comrades from Fenlon, Concord, and Kinnaman, joined in with us for a rich time. Revolt, several forward. Afternoon and night, good singing times. Large crowds listened attentively around the tent at night; two or three came forward. One knelt with us to what God would do, but not willing to let what God would do. Next morning like the young men we read about in the Gospel.

8 a.m. we were on the move for LINDSAY. Part of the troops stopped at the camp, while the others went to Lindsay. On the Saturday night meeting at Lindsay, we were at Lindsay and Little Britain for Fenlon. We had a very strong crowd.

On Monday morning we, that is, Brigadier, Mrs. Edna Phillips, Candidate Stuart, and my humble servant left Fenlon at 8 a.m. to catch the train at Lindsay, as we commenced to scatter every way. M. A.

THE captain at a western camp got 600 in the collection one Sunday night, and thinking that it had been put there for a take didn't pass it through the hands of a few days, and great was his surprise that a knock was heard at the door of his tent and an owner was after it.



BLUE—The Army's emblem of purity.

BLUES—Very significant of impurity—melancholy, low spirits.

BOLDNESS—Like anger, there is a good and bad boldness. Paul says, "Great is my boldness of speech toward you" (II. Cor. vii). Freedom from timidity, liberty.—**WESTER.**

BONDAGE—Slavery. "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed" (St. John viii. 36). I doubt the Christianity of a man who is a slave to a natural appetite, much more an unnatural.

BORN—Again, regenerated; received spiritual life, adopted into the family, Divine.

BOTTOMLESS—The foundation of sinners hopes, the dimension downward of their future abode.

BREASTPLATE—Armor for the protection of the breast. Righteousness is the Christian's breastplate; neglect it, and you will not live long.

BRETHREN—All the rest of the world. It is true there are two tribes mentioned in the Bible, and some would have it that only the converted are their brethren; but Peter once asked the Saviour, "How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?" A brother and yet a sinner. The prodigal son afar off was still a son and brother, but alienated and without right of inheritance. If you hunt up those passages you will find your duty to brethren: Psalms cxxxiii, Matthew v. 23, I. Corinthians vi. 8, Galatians vi. 1, I. John ii. 9; iii. 17.

BRIDE—of Christ, the church, or Salvation Army (for church is only another name), Revelations xxi. 2. Are we fit to receive him as a coming bridegroom. How is our love? Is it pure? How are our garments? Are they unspotted from sin, washed in the blood He gave so

freely for our cleansing? What would He find if He came just now?

CALLED—Invited, summoned, addressed, appointed.—**WESTER.**

Pure love to Christ calls us to do all we can for His Kingdom. Love for our fellow-men calls us to labor and seek for the position that will make us the greatest blessing. The Word of God calls out, "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Common sense must be listened to, also the opinion of those fit to give one as to position. Are you called to be an officer? What constitutes your call? What motive? All things being well, step out, leave all, take hold of the salvation plow, never look back. Burn the bridges behind you.

CANTANKEROUS—Rusty, like a bear with a sore paw, or a spoilt child. Awful in a forty-year-old, worse in a fifty. Salvation a cure-all.

CARNAL—Opposed to spiritual, fleshly, being in the natural state, unregenerate.—**WESTER.**

CHARITY—Love, the greatest thing in the world. Knowledge is power, but without love it is a dead letter. Talents gain applause, but without charity they lose their charm. You cannot be great, you say! Yes, you can, for you can love, cultivate it. But first, you must get it from God by just asking. He gives freely of His Spirit, and the fruit of the Spirit is love (Gal. v. 22).

CHILDREN—The gift of God. Like many other gifts, though perverted. Parents! Oh, that I had a voice like thunder to cry out, parents! ARE YOUR CHILDREN GOING TO HELL, and you not putting forth any effort to save them, either by example or precept? Surely judgment.

CHILDREN—Obey your parents in the Lord (Col. iii. 20).

I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

Theme—Our Jack's Ours Means To-day.

I gazed upon the picture as it hung upon the wall, And as I looked I thought I heard my loving brother call: "Go forth," He said, "don't ever work to do, no time to idle be." And I replied, "O Lord, where Thou dost lead I'll follow Thee." O Lord, I'll follow Thee, Where'er the path may be: Although the fight be hard and long, Yet, Lord, I'll follow Thee.

I saw of this the vision, in the picture hanging there, The life of a man for the dying world in the life to be. I saw it to be a soldier—that my life like His must be, And then I cried, "O Lord, where Thou dost lead I'll follow Thee." The rank had come before him, and he gave him joy and cheer: "That he had been a warrior in the fight to-day here: I heard my brother like his to view when I met him, and I said, 'O Lord, where Thou dost lead I'll follow Thee.'" He seemed to notice me the angel with the sword and palm, His face of shining glory to God was now the ground of shame.

His look of blood content stirred up a power love in me, I louder cried, "O Lord, where Thou dost lead I'll follow Thee."

His patient will, with tenderness, spoke words of love and cheer, His know the past had been all right, that he had sought to fear: Their calm surrender to God's will spoke louder still to me, My prayer was fervent grown—"O Lord, help me to follow Thee."

Thus then I saw I had to go and do, as well as pray, I saw that Christ would lead if I would follow all the way: I rose, went forth, and Jesus gave me daily victory, Because I do, as well as say, "O Lord, I'll follow Thee."

THOMAS HANCOCK.

Brothels (Whitby Outpost).—We have a band of faithful, fighting, never-give-in soldiers here, who are having a hard-to-hand fight with the powers of darkness. They are in for war, and so fight with all our might.

On Sunday we opened up the big barracks, and had a proper time.—**Captain J. FARRAR.**

In the Argentine Republic drums are summoned to sweep the streets for eight days.

This is doubtless more effective than today dogs in jail, especially if the sentence is carried into effect independent of the drunkard's social position.

CEYLON.

Written for the Canadian Cry by David Singha.

(Continued.)

Like the Chinese, Hindoos are born Conservatives. Age after age, generation after generation have come and gone, "but they go on forever," with the same customs and habits. Change or reformation are unknown words to them. Oh, if a ray of Gospel light could only penetrate the darkness and heart of that snowing old woman, how her hardened face would shine, the scowl would vanish.

Would salvation not improve the appearance of that young mother, creating a new desire for those children of hers, to see them grow up in the knowledge of God and His ways. Would those little boys not look handsome if washed, dressed, saved, and filled with the joy of the Lord?

My Old Canadian Garrison

would just fit that poor fellow with the hacking cough; how it would suit him off.

"Boy, bring the light here." Boy placed the light right in front of me, about ten my view of the poor coolies, or they might have all been salvaged in faith, but I went indoors thanking God that thousands of those same people—Pariah—are in reality saved, clothed, and in their right minds.

Hide in a little valley bordering on the jungle are the "coolie lines," or houses. I asked somebody why they were called lines, and was told, "because they are built in lines."

In vain I have looked for two "lines" running parallel, but I have comforted myself with the thought that they started out with the intention of building them at equal distances from each other, but

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley," and the "lines" on this estate have got very much "agley," like the houses in a certain

Town in Scotland,

where the gable-ends face the streets, each house forming a little side street for itself. So the "line" houses have a decided inclination to show their gables. Alas, that is the only way in which they resemble the Scotch houses, being more of a cross between an Irish turf hut and an out-west "shack," about two parts turf hut and one part "shack."

Running through the "line" is what, for want of a better name, I call the sewer, nine by eighteen inches, with six inches of muddy water at the bottom. All the filth, slops, mounds of food, etc., are thrown into it; the dogs have an occasional bath in it; now and then the babies roll in, but no

Dread of Maternal Anger

at their dirty dresses or pinholes over trousers that poked little mounds. Their dresses are very simple and easily cleaned—bracelots and neckties, and, if a swell baby, anklets and rings on the toes.

While the parents are at work in the fields they all play between the "lines" in their own sober fashion, and at the approach of a stranger, which is generally headed by the dogs barking, they all fly like city Arabs before a school board officer. The older children generally halt at

the doorway, where they survey the intruder, and if he is known they place their hands together, make a half curtsy, and say in a shy, soft way, "Salaam Sahib." Between the coolie baby and his white relative in the slums of London or Glasgow there is a long distance geographically, but they have very much in common. In their own little hearts they feel

The Burden of Life

long, long before it has touched their more favored brethren, and little wonder if they take their revenge in after life by turning Pariahs as well as Pariahs.

Indoors, the parents, children, dogs, hens, and other creeping things (for in the east life abounds, but amongst the coolies it doth very much more abound) have a happy way of hob-nobbing together. No window lets in its friendly light to dispel the gloom, but after one's eyes have become accustomed to the gloom it is seen that the mud walls are neither painted nor whitewashed. In one corner a few black, charred pieces of wood between two large stones show the fire-place. There is no chimney. The smoke, after filling the room, finds its way through the rafters, and finally

Filters Through the Ventilator

and other holes in the room till it escapes, to hang like a cloud over the "lines." In another corner the "chaffies" (cooking vessels) are kept. Across the room is stretched the ubiquitous clothes line, on which are hung their few old rags, while the floor is kept clean by the cow-dung process. How it is done I can't tell, but across the room is a Cockney-Singhalese attendant, who has been seven years here, perhaps he'll know. "Attendant, did you ever see the coolies cow-dung their floors?" Did I ever see them? Why, man, I have done it myself scores of times. Just last Saturday I did this floor; next Saturday, if you're here you'll help me; you can do the one half while I do the other; it's the healthiest and—"Thanks, that will do, but it's a long time to next Saturday."

Behind the houses a little piece of ground is fenced off, where a few scrawny-looking plainland trees are grown, and judging by them and their appearance, gardening is not one of their strong points.

(To be continued.)

Galt.—At the request of an old comrade, Captain Brannigan, I went to Galt for the Harvest Festival Saturday and Sunday.

Saturday night's open-air was "a corker" for good crowd and attention.

The meetings on Sunday were well attended considering the heat, and this was the first Sunday afternoon meeting held in the barracks this season till now, as they have been held in the park. The hall was nicely decorated, and gifts were plentiful. The band plays well, and a more godly, willing lot of lads I never met. One of the number was about to build, and wishing to economize, his hand comrade met and had a digging box, and dug the cellar in two or three evenings. Sergeant-Major Banderman Beacroft turning the first sod. This is bearing one another's burdens. Saw some old faces—ex-Captain Ford, ex-Lieutenant Johnnie McMillan, Banderman Alex McQueen, of Montreal fame, and Joe Mitton. Special Correspondent Reed, from Brantford, came over on his wheel. Orrie Shumaker, was down from Chatham, and did good service with his slide.—**PICKER.**



CHOOSE YE!

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth

— PRESIDE AT —

THE MARRIAGE OF MAJOR JOHN COMPLIN

(Editor of the "War Cry")

— AND —

CAPTAIN TYAS

(Late of Australia).

"ME JOIN 'EM!"

"FRIENDS," said the Brigadier, "it seems to me we are making a great mistake!" Curiosity caused a sudden cessation in the midst of the merry clatter and babel of tongues. "I see everybody is sitting on one chair. To-night two people must sit on each chair, so please close in."

This announcement, delivered with solemn emphasis, before the commencement of the ceremony, upset all semblance of gravity, and the hilarious crowd shoved in as close and square as it was possible for them to pack. Nevertheless, a throng of new-comers came still streaming in at the open doors, and edging up the narrow aisle.

"Kindly hand in some more chairs." Those who were privileged to take a seat on the floor or the edge of the platform were very thankful they had not to turn away and go home again. All the S. A. world and his wife were present—from the Great Panjandrum to the little Button-on-top.

After the Jubilee Hall was as full as it would hold a number more crowded in.

It was

An Irresistible Merry Meeting.

Everybody wore radiant smiles, except the two little Streetchons, who were lost in admiration over the white-bellied boys of the Naval Brigade.

Then the musical instruments began to tune up, at least they appeared to be making ineffectual attempts to strike a keynote somewhere between a loud shriek and a low groan.

A sudden pause, sensation, excitement.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth, the bride and bridegroom.

When the audience had quit wildly waving their handkerchiefs everybody turned and whispered some personal remark at the top of his voice above the din to his next door neighbor about the bride or the bridegroom, the former appearing much the most self-possessed, as she stood fair and quiet.

Then the music continued. The piano and the cornet appeared to be let loose in a frantic frolic, defying one another in mad little runs and trills, or twists and turns, whilst the big drum went rolling and rollicking over and over till one would almost think our sober old stand-by had also taken leave of his seventy-seven senses, like the rest of the mad world.

The Commandant assayed to give out a hymn, then hesitated, thought better of it, and suggested that everybody should first take a good, square look at the Major and be done with it, himself setting the example, and making

A Pointed, Personal Remark

or two about the bridegroom, who certainly looked a trifle nervous and excited.

After this the meeting sobered up a bit and took a quiet turn, whilst we sang with hearty thankfulness and confidence the chorus,

"I have an interest in the bleeding Lamb."

Then the Commandant reminded the audience that although sins of years might have fixed a great gulf, nevertheless across that gulf Divine grace had built a bridge of love by which the vilest may enter heaven.

Brigadier Holland prayed that not only the marriage ceremony might be blessed by God, but that now this night some sinners might be united in bonds of eternal oneness with Christ.

After Mrs. Jewer had also prayed, we sang again,

"I know there is cleansing in the blood,"

and everybody shook hands with his neighbor.

The meeting took on a sentimental mood, and grew more plaintive and tender whilst singing the ever-welcome favorite,

"He's the Lily of the Valley to my soul."

"MY DEAR FRIENDS." The Commandant cleared his throat and arose, until his head was within a few feet of the

ceiling. The audience within settled down to listen, tried to tilt back their chairs, but found they couldn't for want of room. The congregation without

Pressed Their Noes

a little closer to the wire grating of the windows, and remained stationary for about an hour.

The Commandant proceeded to read, after a neat and concise little speech to effect that he esteemed it an honor to be present to perform this happy ceremony between two such faithful, devoted officers as Major Complin and Captain Tyas. The Commandant continued to explain how he had expected by that time to have been somewhere between the heavens and the fishes on the way to meet our revered, respected, and beloved General (volleys), but for the lamentable alteration in the sailing of the boats, by which he missed connection. However, it was best to look at the bright side of a bad job, for this misfortune had been over-ruled for our advantage. The Commandant mentioned the welcome fact that a cable had been received that very day announcing the departure of the General and party for Canada. (Renewed and prolonged volleys.)

Returning to the business of the evening, he commented once more upon the expression of the Major, who still looked a little pale and agitated. The speaker did not see what the Major had to look nervous about. He recalled the day when, under similar circumstances, he (the Commandant) walked on to the platform feeling it to be the very best day's

work he had ever accomplished, and strode away from the Congress Hall as large as life and twice as natural.

The Commandant remembered the early days when he first was acquainted with John Complin. In those times he was a nice, ruddy, fine-looking young man, and to-day he remains

As Devoted to the Cause,

and as enthusiastic as when he started.

A droll allusion to Major Complin's especial song, "Me join 'em," seemed to fit in with such apt appropriateness, that the service, which the leader had succeeded in smoothing down into order, was again in danger of getting all out of kilter, and becoming a runaway meeting.

Peace was restored, however, and the Commandant in an expressive, original, and forcible running commentary on the chapter, drifted into a brief philosophical investigation as to why the genus man should always appear to delight in landing it over the weaker sex. (Steady now, this is a serious matter.)

He enlarged on the power for good, and the influence that a wife holds over her husband—the force of a chaste example.

The Commandant commended the bride to the love and friendship of Canadians. Although she comes as a stranger amongst us, she brings with her from Australia a warm introduction from Commissioner Coombs, and the force of an earnest, godly character.

At last, to the unfeigned delight of everybody, Mrs. Booth arose to sing.



The Salvation Army anvil has proved itself able to break into pieces the many hammers that the devil uses upon it. Pride, envy, slander, hate, spite, disloyalty, misrepresentation, so often cast upon our dear General, have worn themselves out in their endeavor to smash the Army. As the devil keeps a good supply of hammers we do not know which one he will strike with next, but our God is sure to conquer.

We are looking forward to the advent of our General in British Columbia. We will give our hearty and enthusiastic reception.—ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.



OPENING OF THE NEW ORILLIA BARRACKS.

prefacing the music with a few pungent and practical remarks on the

Responsibility of Married Life.

and the duty of a husband and wife to one another, and towards the world in general.

It was very touching and heart-stirring. Surely nobody present could but feel the beauty and necessity for the spirit of wisdom that "SEEKS FIRST THE KINGDOM."

The last plaintive notes of the song died away, and Major Complin with Captain Tyne stood forward, whilst every ear was strained to catch each solemn word of the articles of War.

Quieter still grew the assembly. "Will you—?" questioned the Commandant.

"I will," faltered the bridegroom. "I will," affirmed the bride, and the deed was done.

How the Major was called on for a solo, and how everybody laughed and cheered, and smiled at them, and shook hands with Mrs. Complin, there is no space to tell.

(From The Templar, 14-9-94.)

The Truth About License.

This week's War Cry publishes a well-considered and effective full-page cartoon, illustrating the hellish work of the licensed liquor seller and the difficulties in the way of reforming the drunkard. "The smoke of their turret" is ascending; and crowning the height is to be seen the Colonial City. Midway the Army is letting down life lines to the poor drunkards who are in danger of falling, any moment, into hell. In the foreground are to be seen a gentlemanly licensee and a soldier, holding in his arms two quivers filled with arrows; a well-mounted liquor seller in the act of shooting a "license" arrow at the poor inebriate whom the Army has "almost saved;" and, directing the whole business, his Satanic majesty. The "license" arrows are doing their work so effectively as to make unnecessary any illicit traffic. The devil is obviously well pleased, while every Christian heart recoils at the awful work being done. Accompanying the cartoon is the following incident, written by a soldier: "A Salvation soldier: (Our contemporary press has published the whole story accompanying the

Orillia Barracks Erected Upon Plans of a Unique Order.

NEAT, CONCISE, AND CHEAP. A DISTINCT HIT.

Re-Opened by Brigadier de Barritt.

JUBILEE SCHEME No. 17.

The handsome building recently erected on Coldwater Street by the Salvation Army, was formally opened to the public.

On Saturday evening, at eight o'clock, the colors were hoisted on the flag pole which surmounts the structure, and a few minutes later a special service was being conducted inside by Brigadier de Barritt. There was a good attendance at this meeting, and at the Sunday service, which were conducted by the Brigadier, assisted by Mrs. Ensign Phillips, Ensign Morris and the singing troupe, with antiphonal accompaniment.

The building is on the site of the barracks recently destroyed by fire, and is a pretty red brick structure, forty by sixty feet. The front elevation is about forty feet, and is veneered with colored red brick, surmounted by a battlement, which gives it a picturesque appearance. The entrances are at either corner, and are through wide, roomy doorways, with lobbies inside, steps leading up to the doors from the street. The auditorium is the full size of the building, but is not square, the corners being taken off the building, giving it a compact appearance. It is seated after the fashion of an amphitheatre, the seats rising in tiers from the platform to the front of the building. A gallery for the soldiers is behind the speakers, their entrance being through the basement. The seating capacity is 400, but on Sunday 480 were present at the evening service, and many more were turned away. Fourteen windows give the hall a very cheerful appearance, the front transoms being of colored leaded glass. The front portion of the basement will be fitted up for a Junior's room, and in the centre will be a furnace to heat the entire building. In the rear, under the platform, will be a cloak room for the soldiers. The upper story is designed for the officers' quarters, and consists of five large rooms, with pantry, clothes closets, etc. A town water service and large sink will also be put up so that the occupants will have every convenience. The building is covered with a gravel roof,

and the outside, therefore, is practically fireproof. It is proposed to light the building with the incandescent system as soon as the plant is installed in town. The whole building is a credit to the contractor, Mr. T. W. Oliver, who has completed the job in a substantial manner to the satisfaction of all parties, the entire edifice costing only about \$2,000.

The Monday evening meeting was the dedicatory service proper, and at eight o'clock the spacious auditorium was very well filled. About forty soldiers in their bright uniforms presented a good front, and on the platform were Brigadier de Barritt, Ensign Morris, Mrs. Ensign Phillips, the singing band, six in number, Rev. W. R. Barker, pastor of the Methodist church, and Captain and Mrs. Heift.

After a song service, conducted by the Brigadier, Rev. Mr. Barker offered the dedicatory prayer, and Captain Heift read a list of the names of those who had contributed towards the building fund. The following figures are gleaned from the financial statement:—

Special contributions received from friends in town, \$433.67. Of this amount \$196 was expended in stonework for foundation, and the balance, except \$27, which remains on hand, for architect's fees, travelling and other expenses. The contract price for the building was \$1,745, and a contribution of \$75 from the contractor, Mr. Oliver. The old building was insured for \$1,400, and thus a balance remains yet to be raised of about \$300.

The Brigadier made an earnest and somewhat humorous appeal for funds, and as a result an additional \$34 was netted.

Rev. W. R. Barker gave a very pleasing address in the few minutes allotted to him, and his earnest words were well received.

Capt. Heift thanked the donors for their generosity, and complimented the Times and Post for their good will toward the Army and kindness in inserting notices of meetings, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley, of Rama, took part in the program, the former singing a hymn in his native tongue.

One of the choicest things of the evening was a solo with banjo accompaniment, by Ensign Morris, that officer having a very sweet voice, and singing with a good deal of pathos.

The Orillia corps are to be congratulated on the erection of their new building, and great credit is due Capt. Heift for his energy and enterprise in the completion of such an undertaking. Capt. Heift is one of the most efficient officers the Orillia corps ever had, and a very large number of the townspeople will regret to know that his orders are to leave Orillia. —Times.

(From the Montreal Witness, 17-9-94.)

THE ASSAULT ON THE ARMY.

Women Worshipers Molested.

The disgraceful disturbance at the market in the morning was duplicated on Craig Street East in the evening. Services were being held in the hall there, used by the French division of the Salvation Army. The services were being conducted by the women-officers, Capt. Farrer and Misses, and Adjutant Kerr. The front windows of the hall were smashed by large stones, which were thrown far into the room. Many of the worshippers narrowly escaped serious injury, perhaps death. A large stone flew past the head of Captain Farrer, almost striking her. Some one went to obtain police protection. A constable on St. Lawrence Main Street was appealed to, and he said Craig Street was not in his beat. Policeman No. 36 arrived after the outrage had been committed and the perpetrators had fled. If the accounts of all the assaults upon religious meetings in Montreal of late were collected together, they would fill a large volume.



"Our Open-Airs Are Good."

Truro.—Changes have taken place here in Truro. Captain Young and Lieut. Gibson, who have had charge here since the first of May, have farewelled and gone for a rest. They have been succeeded by Captain Emma Allen and Lieut. Welch, who, by the help of God, are rushing things in the Harcourt Festival line. The meetings were given at a week's notice of the spirit and power of God. Wound up Sunday night with three songs at the Harcourt Festival. —Times.

AND it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon Him to hear the word of God, He stood by the lake of Gennesaret,

And saw two ships standing by the lake: but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets.

And He entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And He sat down, and taught the people out of the ship.

Now, when He had left speaking, He said

unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.

And Simon answering said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net.

And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake.

And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the

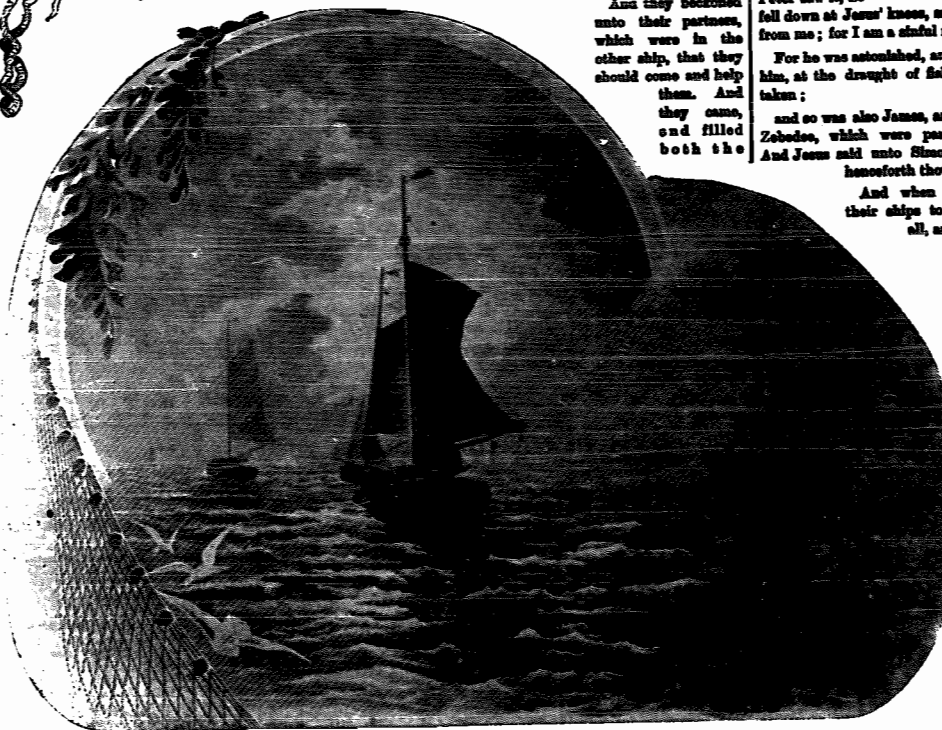
ships, so that they began to sink.

When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.

For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of fishes which they had taken;

and so was also James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.

And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed Him.



"Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes."

Candidates, Ahoy !

WHO WILL GO A-FISHING ?

My soul was melted down by an incident which happened on a certain western train on which I travelled. The more I have thought on it the more have I mused, and knowing from practical experience the awful crying need of officers throughout the Dominion, the relation of this incident may prompt some strong, well-aved, young Salvationist to apply for a place in God's all-glorious ranks.

I had got comfortably settled in a seat and had removed my black coat, wearing a red one on the ears. Stopping at a depot, the car door was flung open and in walked a poor drunk, though respectfully clad.

Fixing his eyes on my red coat, and then looking into my face, he

Dropped Down on the Seat

and put his arms around my neck. Then he began and continued something after this strain: "Thought—there was a mounted—police,—but I—struck—a—Salvation—brother.—Seven—years—in—this—country,—nobody—ever—asked—me—about—my—soul." Tears flowed freely from his poor, bleared eyes, and the tony passengers wondered! Then he told of his poor mother in the Old Land, whom he left over seven years ago, and who thought he was dead. People had visited his little "shack," but had never spoken a word to him about spiritual matters. "These bist the only man who ever drewed tears to my eyes," he groaned out, and again leaned his head on my shoulder. "I left home two months ago to fish on the Fraser River, made a good bit of cash," (and drawing a few dollar bills out of his pocket) "this is all I got left." Again he cried. When I suggested the idea of my

Writing to His Dear Old Mother

he brightened up and said,

"Toll her I'm alive, but a poor, mean, dirty dinner. Toll her what a wretch I am. I can't read or write, but you toll her now, sure." Then, with a fresh outburst of grief, he cried, "Well, why didn't somebody toll me about salvation before! Why didn't they toll me!" On promising that I would keep by his and not leave him till he got off the train, he seemed contented, still keeping his arm on my shoulder.

That woful mean, "Why didn't somebody toll me?" will not soon be forgotten. He spoke out the feelings of that great, dreadful, awful, sin-stricken, fallen army of drunkards, harlots, thieves, robbers and vagabonds, the world over, who moan and cry in agony of soul, "Who will show us any good!"

SEE YON DRUNKARD! Drink has blasted his body. His soul is well-nigh lost. He staggers on to his doom. His wife has long ago been broken-hearted. His dear children are

dying through hunger. His home, once so cozy, has become worse than a pig-pen. Thus

The Devil Ruins and Damns.

The haughty Pharisee passes him by. Proud professors pull their garments tighter around them with a thank-God-I-am-not-as-that-man spirit. Nobody seems to heed the drunkard's wail, and awful fact it is, very few care whether he gets to hell or not. Now, who is to "throw out the line" to such an one. Methinks some healthy soldier, now hiding away in the ranks of the Salvation Army in some corps, will be responsible for this poor drunkard's soul if he gets to a drunkard's grave and BURY HIM!!!

SEE YON DRUNKARD! In the dim twilight, under the shadow of the low houses, the hope along. He is seeking to ruin and entrap the many. The way



to her abode in the way of death. Once she was as pure as your sister, and she is your sister. There was once a day when her pure lips met those of her mother, when the last good-bye was said. Ah! into what a vortex of iniquity and shame has she fallen since then! See her blanched cheeks and hollow eyes! Look at the blush of shame! Yet, has she not been included in the great redemption which Jesus, the harlot's Saviour, died to procure? But lo! the Master calls for some loving, gentle sister to weep with that poor harlot, to take her aside, to bring hope into the despairing soul; yea, to love her. Who is to do it? In all probability the very female soldier who sits listening to me is the one, and if she disobeys God's call to go and rescue her lost sisters, awful will be her doom.

SEE YOUR LADY! True, she rides in a carriage drawn by a pair of noble steeds. True, she lives in a mansion and has numerous servants at her beck and call; but she is on the way to hell. For years all thought of spiritual matters have, by pity and worldly pleasure been

Literally Placed from Her Soul.

She is a respectable slave to sin, and must eventually die of sin's disease and be lost, if somebody fails to tell her of her onward speed to perdition. Rich die as well as poor. Flourish they may like a green bay tree, but death comes in the midst of their mad search for pleasure, and low in the grave are they laid. Methinks there are hundreds of such rich lords, noblemen and ladies who die without God. Here, then, is opened a vast harvest field for some of our more refined soldiers who have had education. What a chance for such people to go for the souls of the wealthy. *Listen, brother, sister, what do you think about this?*

SEE YOUR BUSINESS-MAN! Like a canker his soul-life has been eaten out by the things of the world. Forgetting that God's will is that he should be " fervent in spirit," as well as acute in business affairs. On he goes down the rapid and whirl of everyday life. Bit by bit Jesus is pushed to the wall. The dear old Bible gets discarded. Family prayer ceases. The dear children wonder what has come over father of late. His little "tricky" moves are soon made. Into the snare goes the soul. Black is made white. Dishonesty creeps in.

Bankruptcy and Disgrace Follow,

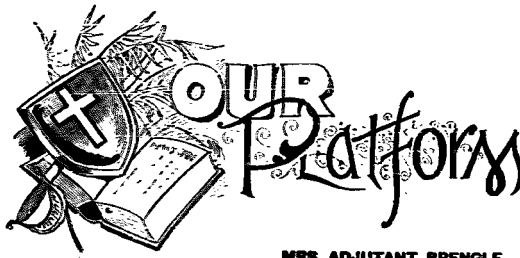
and often imprisonment. With a ruined life, a heart-broken wife, and a starved family, the poor fellow means in the solitude of a prison cell over his awful condition. Oh, for men and women to stand in the breach and cry out that God can keep men good and spiritual in any lawful business. Some of my hearers know this by hard experience. Then go out into the world and proclaim it.

Then, to you who have brain power, tact, energy and push, are you now in the position where you can use your influence to the greatest spiritual benefit? If not, then apply for Army work, for the Salvation Army wants people of brains as well as heart.

In going from place to place I am more convinced every day I live that some of our best soldiers are defiantly hiding away among others, after having heard God's call to the war and seen the need. This is the main cause of the stagnation of the soul-saving work in some of our corps. Not very clear and good would be the waters of a pond into which the water constantly flowed, but out of which there was no outlet. With a good inlet and outlet the water keeps beautifully clear and sweet. The head, too, by the side of the leader is refreshed, as well as that lying on either side of the outlet.

These Ought to be Candidates

more about and around their corps. Lord and long the King of Glory can thank the cry of the lost, their groans of despair are ever ringing in their ears, but stuffing their fingers in their spiritual ears they heed not the woe cry. "Who will show us any good?" Ah! this great sinfulness of disobedience, it curses and hinders the onward march of the great S. A. Money is needed, 'tis true; financial difficulties abound, which hamper us; but the greatest hindrance lies in the fact that numbers of healthy, strong, and capable men and women persistently refuse to do their duty. Little wonder, then, that we have



"I want to read to you about the Christian's empire. In Colossians III., 15, we read in the ordinary version, 'Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.' The rendering of Rotherham's version is 'Let the peace of Christ

Act as Umpire

in your heart.'

"You all know what an umpire is to a game. His duty is to settle all doubtful questions. When an umpire has spoken, people have to obey or get out of the game. In general, the people for whom he is to adjudicate choose their umpire. Ours is chosen for us. We have no option. Our umpire must be obeyed. Whatever is opposed to the peace of Christ in our hearts is ruled out for us—even so little a thing as to keep from eating meat, as Paul suggests. It is not for us to obey part of the rules of the game, and leave the other part.

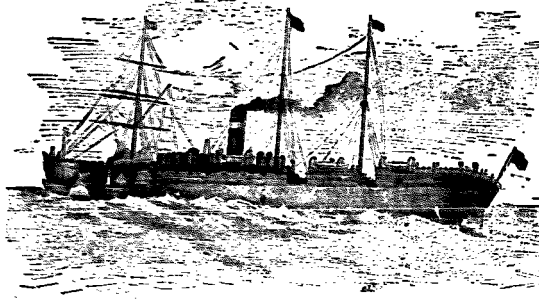
"One of our umpire's first rules is, 'Seek those things which are above.' The man who

Bank with God

doesn't lose! I've heard plenty of people say, 'If I obey God in that matter, I shall lose everything. I must look after my bread and butter.'

"But I have never known a man who sought the things which are above but, in the long run, he got his bread and butter and other things thrown in.

"The second rule is, 'Set your affection on things above.'



The R.M.S. "CARTHAGINIAN," in which the General sailed for Canada.

gets flat at any corps where those hangerson reside! For such the Judgment Day will be one of awful and just retribution. They stood on the Bank of Time's great stream; heard the screams of the drowning; before their very eyes they sank. They had the power to rescue and save them, yet, wretched thought, listlessly and carelessly they became soul-murderers, and the blood of thousands will be required at their hands.

You have heard the voice of weeping,
You have heard the wail of woe,
You have seen the awful raving
Of a soul that shall be lost;
Rouse then, you whom Christ has freed,
Heed the wretched sinner's need,
Like Him who died your soul to save, oh, for-
ward speed!

J. R.

Newmarket and Aurora Circle Corps.—Now that Harvest Festival is nearly over and I have a few moments to spare while at my billet during the Toronto September meeting, I feel that I must drop a line to my old friend, the War Cry.

I received unexpected news from Mrs. Gwynne and Miss Gwynne

MRS. ADJUTANT BRENGLER.

"You say, 'Mum!' I attend to my business—to my work?' Yes; but if the peace of Christ is really your umpire—that which decides all with you—it will draw your mind back to the things above, the moment tension is withdrawn.

'Inordinate Affection'

is against the umpire's rules—thinking too much of people, so that they get in the way of our duty to God. Covetousness is ruled out. Covetousness even for God's work can drive the peace of God from your heart. Covetousness among women turns, not so much toward money, as toward what money stands for—for money's worth—for appearance, 'the glitter and show of this world.'

"Wrath must be put away. Nothing will destroy peace quicker. And once the umpire is put out of the game, small use playing any longer.

"All impurity must be done away with. The pure in heart shall 'see God'—not, of necessity, in dreams and visions, but in all

The Circumstances of Life.

"Meekness and humble-mindedness are absolute essentials! 'I can't let anybody walk over me,' I often hear even Christians say. Well—the peace of God runs under people's feet. The river of His grace runs low in the valleys. Your umpire says, 'Put it on' You can't? Jesus will put it on for you! How often I have heard, 'I can let God put me down, but not people.' How can God put you down, except through people?"

SOCIAL NOTES.

BY THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

We are in dust and ashes. "We remember our sin this day." "Social Notes" have been sadly neglected. What is our excuse? They are legion, for to the eyes of our readers, they may appear so petty, that their will be safety in numbers. A short holiday, subsequent rush of work, etc., etc. But we won't do it any more if you will only forgive us this once.

The summer has indeed been a trying one. The sun has unmercifully poured its burning rays upon our innocent heads, until the Lieutenant below and the Private Detective above have almost melted.

We are usually prepared for harrowing tales of want and destitution in the depth of winter, but summer is supposed to be the harvest time—a time of plenty, a season when poverty, except in a few special cases, is unknown. But alas! it has not been so this summer.

Oh, what bitter tales of want we have listened to! Men of ability—men, in many cases possessing a good education, driven almost to desperation, willing to work for the smallest pittance, and yet unable to obtain employment. Of course there are many cases of fraud and imposition, but it is, nevertheless, only too true that there are in this fair city of ours many hungry ones, many families going without even the bare necessities of life.

Let me give you one instance. One day last week when we reached the office, we found a middle-aged woman awaiting our arrival. She was neatly dressed and from the outward appearance, we could never have surmised her tale. After inviting her into our little office and offering her a seat, we commenced to try and find out her business. Doubtless, we thought, she has lost a friend and has come to ask us to insert a notice in our Missing Column, but no, this was not her mission. Her voice very nearly choked as she said, "We have had nothing to eat for two days. I have been sick, and my husband has been out of work. We never had to ask for help before, but hunger has driven us to it."

Could this story be true? We must find out. Alas! our investigator returns with the sad message, "Only too true." They are respectable, quiet, worthy people, and yet for days they have been almost entirely without food. The rent has fallen behind-hand, and poverty in its worst form stares them in the face. Gladly would we help them, but financially we cannot relieve them of their terrible burden, and yet, strange as may seem, in deepest trouble such people instinctively turn to the Salvation Army. You do not hear of such cases; we do. You have the means to help them; we have not. The moral is plain. Will you act accordingly? Donations of food, clothing, money, etc., will always be most thankfully received at the Lifeboat, 261 Victoria Street.

Spiritually, our work is prospering, although, of course, there are difficulties and discouragements innumerable, but reinforcements have now appeared. We have welcomed to our midst Captain and Mrs. Dodd, late of the Social Farm. The Captain will henceforth devote himself to the Prison Gate Work, as well as to the general social work of the Lifeboat. Every morning finds him at the jail. Through the kindness of the officials he is allowed to see the prisoners before they are discharged. An offer of home and work is made, and if this is accepted the Captain escorts them to our Prison Gate Home.

From there he goes daily to the police court, where many receive from him words of cheer and advice, and where the same generous offer, a new start in life, is held out to those who are willing to accept it. And thus the work goes on. The seed which is sown in weakness is raised in power.

A week ago Sunday night, after a hard fight, we put the test: All those who are saved stand up. We were, indeed, surprised to see old J.—stand up. His face was very familiar. We had often watched our comrades eagerly pleading with him to give his heart to God, but when had he taken the step? It was, indeed, a pleasant surprise to find him amongst the saved ones. The meeting was closed, and eagerly we went over to speak to him. Yes, thank God, he had been saved some months ago, and although away working in the country, God had kept him true and given him the victory.

Were we to judge of our work by visible results we should sometimes be sadly disappointed, but this same we believe is true of many. What we know not now we shall know hereafter.



The Latest Up to Date from the Headquarters of the World.

International Headquarters, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, England.—THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF has been up to the hilt in most important business. We regret, however, that his strength has not been so sustained as we could have wished. We are praying that he may be fully restored, and that his invaluable services may be uninterrupted by any physical weakness.

A most pleasing and inspiring feature of the week has been the representative Indian scenes, under the direction of Commissioner Rubini, which have been presented to the view of the London officers, in the Clapton Lecture Hall and at the Council Chamber, at International Headquarters. The former was held on Tuesday, and the latter on Saturday night, and will be reproduced to the soldiers and friends in the great Clapton Hall this evening. They have been delighting great crowds in the provinces, and have been the means of the salvation of many souls and the raising of £500 or £600 for the Foreign Work.

Items of intelligence from the various European battle-grounds are of a very cheery, advance character. A South European Congress is about to be held in Neuchâtel, the representatives at which will include officers from all the French Divisions, Belgium, the two Switzerland, and Italy.

In Germany, Major Rasch recently conducted an enrolment of soldiers in connection with Berlin II. corps. The recruits included a father, two sons, and a granddaughter belonging to one family. The mother is saved, and will shortly be added to the list.

The Medical authorities have granted permission to our officers to resume evening meetings. For some time this right has been suspended. In Belgium, Brigadier Tait is opening the first Training Home—a step of great importance—at Brussels, and will commence with seven men-children.

Waterloo Station was the centre of interest to both Headquarters. The African Commissioner (late Colonel Ross), Mrs. Ross and their five children, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Swain, Captain Tom Lewis and Willie Carleton came to commence their

journeys from that point. Commissioner Carleton and members of his family, Colonel Holberg and Lewis, Major Swift (*All the World*), Major Sam Ross, Staff-Captain Lewis and Clarke, were among the Headquarters' representatives to witness our comrades God-speed, while a contingent of the Trade Band musically honoured their departure, being kindly permitted by the authorities to play upon the platform.

THE DISTRESS IN SCOTLAND.—Coal war raging; great distress; many families wanting bread. Thousands of breakfasts supplied to children.

The question of settling at a ten per cent. reduction seems just possible to end in a treaty of peace; but, meantime, the tales of suffering and war of starvation and death, amongst the poor are appalling. In the Glasgow district especially the distress is keener than ever.

United States, III Reade Street.

—After returning from the week-end at Glyndon, camp meeting, Mrs. Ballington Booth was taken very ill and confined to her bed at home, her condition causing much anxiety at Headquarters and where ever the CHURCH-LEADER were known. At the present writing she is improving nicely, and it is believed she will soon be at her office again.

THE MINNESOTA FIRES.—The terrible fire which devastated a portion of Minnesota and Wisconsin have not probably had its parallel in this country for loss of human life for more than twenty years.

At this writing it is not known whether or not any of our comrades suffered. The daily papers have been filled with accounts of these fires, and a description in these columns would be as impossible as it is unnecessary. Major Stillwell, of the Minnesota Division, very promptly tendered to the Relief Committee every possible aid the Army could render; offering, among other things, the Salvationists to go to the scenes of horror and act as nurses, etc. To what extent this offer has been accepted is not yet known; but viewed from all lights, just at present, it is hoped that the Army will be more than ever appreciated in Minnesota and the people made to think more than ever of their never-dying souls!



ST. CATHARINES HARVEST FESTIVAL.

An interesting report of a Social Reform meeting, led by Mrs. Major Ross in a Methodist Church in Vancouver, has come to our table. Unfortunately it is written on both sides of the paper, and we are too short-handed just now to copy it out.

A number of our friends in a certain Canadian city keep a diary of all Salvation Army affairs. They style themselves the "Gang of Inevitables," and when one of their number gets moved on elsewhere every-where, they invariably recalled one of the

make cigars. God bless their secretary! He would make a first-class WAR CRY reporter.

When at Montreal Mrs. Booth received a most kind invitation to address the Y. W. O. A. members and ladies of the committee at their morning prayer meeting. The president of the committee writing and saying that many would be helped and encouraged thereby, adding that "it would be to himself a kindness which she would gladly accept." Unfortunately Mrs. Booth did not get the letter until after she had returned to Toronto.

TUNE—Thou art a mighty Saviour. (B.J. 75; S.M.I., 91.)

1 Sinner, wandering far from God,
Trampling on His precious blood,
Come and seek this narrow way,
Start for heaven while you may.

CHORUS.

Thou art a mighty Saviour.

Soon your chances will have past,
Then you'll seek your God at last,
Answer for the work you've done
And the battles you have won.

If your sins you'll get forgiven
You can come with us to heaven,
Mock with loved ones gone before
Over on the other shore.

KATHY ALLEN, Kingston.

TUNE—I'm happy. (B.B. 47.)

2 There never was a time in all my life,
But what I'd like to end all sin and strife;
And when I tried in weakness of my own,
The devil came in like a flood and upset the whole.

CHORUS.

Now I'm happy, now I'm happy,
I've joined the great S. A.,
And there I meet to work and fight,
And peg away.

There never was a love like Jesus' love,
It fills all earth and fills all heaven above;
So when I came determined to be his,
He rolled the burden from my heart and gave me peace.

There never was a sinner down so deep
But what the Lord is willing for to meet;
If you will come and lay your burden down,
I'm sure the Lord will take you in without a frown.

SECOND CHORUS.

You'll be happy, you'll be happy,
Then join the great S. A.,
And God will give you work to do
To peg away.

LESLIE G. THOMPSON,
Bridle Island Cove, Nfld.

TUNE—Shout about salvation.

3 Full fifty years have passed away
Since General Booth began
To tell Salvation's wondrous tale
To poor, lost, fallen man.
On Mile End Waste in London
Alone we saw him stand,
Our noble, honored leader.

CHORUS.

Long live, long live to our noble General,
Long live, long live to tell sweet Calvary's tale;
Oh, may you many years be spared
To free the captive's chain,
Our worthy, honored General.

CAPTAIN FENBY, Summerside.

TUNE—We shall win. (B.J., 28.)

4 I once heard of a beautiful land,
With a mansion all ready for me;
But at first I could not understand
And the way to that home could not see.

CHORUS.

But I sought and I found,
In my Saviour the true living way;
And with joy it abounds,
I am walking in it day by day.

I thought if I ventured to go,
All my happiness here would be over,
I'd have nothing but sorrow and woe,
So I'd land on that bright golden shore.

Though I knew that the pleasure I sought
On the road that I travelled so well,
Was the price with which my poor soul was bought,
And some day would land me in hell.

Oh, the misery that thought to me did bring,
While God's Spirit strove with me night and day;
For I knew that's where death had its sting,
And the grave still got its victory.

But, thank God, I ever sought and I found,
I've a heaven right here all the way;
Only there does true pleasure abound,
In true service to God every day.

SECOND CHORUS.

Sinner, seek and you'll find,
In this Saviour the true ark only way;
Leave sin and the devil behind,
Christ will win you with joy every day.

D. R. R., Calgary.

TUNE—Down in the garden. (B.J. 67; S.M.I., 131.)

5 Dear Jesus, I will follow Thee,
My life Thou shalt control;
My all is on the altar laid,
My heart is pure and whole.

CHORUS.

Lord, I will follow
Where Thou art;
Follow Thee, O Lord,
Thou art so dear.

Oh, can I ever, Lord, forget
Thy grief and agony
Down on the cold, damp ground one night
In dark Gethsemane.

Dear Jesus, I will walk with Thee,
Thou art my only guide;
Thy everlasting arms are strong,
I'm safe when by Thy side.

Help me, dear Lord, to work for Thee,
Unworthy though I be;
Though winds may toss my frail, weak tent,
Thou art enough for me.

LEAUCHAMPEL KEMMA WAY, Ottawa.

TUNE—Happy day. (B.J. 38.)

6 What can take away this weariness of life,
Nothing but the precious blood;
What can give me peace and victory within,
Nothing but the precious blood.
This alone must be my plea—Jesus Christ
Who died for me,
There's no other source to which my soul can
Only to the Saviour's precious blood.

CHORUS.

Precious blood, precious blood,
Bringing sinners back to God;
Precious blood, precious blood,
Washing all my guilt and sin away.

What can bring me back to fellowship with
God?
Nothing but the precious blood;
What makes my life acceptable and good?
Nothing but the precious blood.

Nothing, Lord, have I to bring, sin has
blighted everything;
This is all my hope as to the Cross I sing—
Nothing but the Saviour's precious blood.

This shall be my theme as through the world
I go,
Nothing but the precious blood;
This my life's ambition tall to high and low,
Only of the precious blood.

Nothing else will I avail, every other aim
will fail;
Hell can be defeated, man with God prevail,
Only through the Saviour's precious blood.

MAJOR RADCLIFFE.

TUNE—Happy day. (B.J. 6; S.M.I., 281.)

7 Thy call, oh God, just now I hear
That asks me to be Thine alone;
I rise to go without a fear,
Since in my soul Thy Light has shone.

CHORUS.

I will go, I will go,
Thy grace will keep me, Lord, I know;
I care not what I lose for Thee
If only Thou my gain shall be.

I care not, Lord, where Thou shalt lead,
Or in what land my days I spend,
If only I may feel some need,
And lead the lost to Thee, their friend.

The gold I might by toil obtain,
The lands and houses I might gain,
With lustful gain my soul might stain,
And wreck my life on rocks of sin.

Too late some day 'twill be to go,
When mouldering in the grave I lie;
Oh, may I not the sorrow know,
Thus with a wasted life to die.

W. RITCHIE, Kingston, Ont.

TUNE—If the Cross we boldly bear. (B.J. 26; B.J., 53; S.M.I., 500.)

8 Oh, my dear friend and fellow-sinner,
Why don't you stop and list
To the wondrous, wondrous call of Christ,
Which comes to you and says.

CHORUS.

Sinner, why do you tread
On the truth and gift of God?
Look out, or you will see
And reach the hell prepared by God.

You hear the word often preached,
And entrance even now,
To quit your awful, ugly sin,
And come to Christ, your God.

Still you say, "There's lots of time,
And then it's not so great
As you folks say it is,
You only exaggerate."

My friend, do not His call disobey,
For many like you have been lost
In that horrible place below,
Prepared by God, the Just.

BROTHER A. WHITE, Yorkville.

TUNE—Innocent. (B.J. 123.)

9 From my heart the Lord has taken
Every doubt and every fear,
All my sins have been forgiven,
And my sky is bright and clear.

CHORUS.

I love Jesus, hallelujah, etc.

Perfect peace within is flowing
Like a river, deep and wide,
Day by day in grace I'm growing,
Living as my Saviour's side.

Joy exceeding, full of glory,
Fills and floods my inner soul;
Uplift me to tell of His love,
Of the blood that makes me whole.

Newfoundland Greets the General with her Sweetest Smiles.

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Topics this week are pressed on the ears en route for Kingston, and under a somewhat overwhelming inspiration as the thought of going forth to meet the General. Soon it will be my glad privilege to see his face, hear his voice, take his commands, and re-assure him of the love and service rendered him for Christ's sake, by his brave Canadian troops. My readers will pardon the pride I feel in going to meet my leader as commander of a wing of the Army which has carried the day against overwhelming odds. This isn't the first time, by many a dozen, it has fallen to my lot as the representative of large numbers of officers and soldiers to greet our veteran. But, by comparison, these were the occasions of the parade-ground; this is the occasion of the battlefield. I go to tell him he has soldiers in Canada whose metal has been tried by fire, and upon whose heads has been placed the laurels of victory.

"The General is coming." Along the line like magic the cry has rang from corps to corps, and heart to heart, and never, I believe, did the coming of a chief to the camp inspire more hope or enthusiasm. What Niagara was to Australia, and Wellington to Waterloo, the General will be to us. He will be clear. That we need, and that without doubt we shall receive. To have a "Well done!" from our prophet will encourage us as little else could. The General, too, will be inspiration.

This capacity God has so endowed him with for infusing courage and fight into every soul will bear magnificent fruit on the soil of Canada. We shall, too, get instruction. Who, as well as our Moses can show us the way through our dead line and over our wildernesses? Faith, too, must come with the General. Is he not himself a grand example of what faith can accomplish? Then again, the General will present us with a new chance. Unlimited interest will be manifested in his movements, and immense crowds gather at his meetings. Here is an opportunity to make the claims of the Army understood, and to bring back the remembrance of all the Army has implied to the hearts of the many who have deserted the path of sacrifice for the pleasure and ease of Egypt. And so we shall linger with our General, and watch him with loving interest, and learn from him while we pray for his sustaining, and while we help him with our outpouring love.

The decisions of the June Congress are slowly but surely being themselves materialized. The Corps Budget scheme is to get into operation the last week in the present month at the chief places. The Brigadiers are issuing the necessary instructions. The idea is simple. In future, the financing of corps is not to be left entirely to the officers who are otherwise burdened with almost as much as we can carry. The corps payments are quite so much the affair, if not more, of the soldiers' comprising it. To pay the rest of their sanctuary, meet their local expenditures, and support their Shepherd, is surely the work of every true people of God. This has only to be thought on to be realized. I am certain thousands of our good, true people will rise up to share the burdens that have too long solely rested upon their officers.

We are going to more red-hot for souls this winter than ever in our history. We propose to begin at the right end. Soul-caring is all a question of faith. Revivals must first begin in the hearts of God's people. That such a revival has taken place in many thousands of hearts there can be no question. Everywhere there is a deeper interest in spiritual things. From many corps comes the news of soldiers wrestling and praying with God. Souls are getting saved in places where there has been little but spiritual drought for a long period, but still there is to be accomplished. The General's coming will help us. We must make the most of it. The Commandant will return (D.V.) to Toronto about the 15th of October. On that Friday night he will be received into the city, and inaugurate the winter series of his meetings, which will be conducted by himself or Mrs. Booth in the Jubilee Hall. During the months of October, November and December, he proposes to visit each district centre for a half night of prayer with soldiers of the district. Every effort must be made to get soldiers together. Single parties will be organized. No soldier must on any account miss the chance. The practical issues of the war will be discussed, and a covenant entered into on the spot. A mighty stirring-up may be expected.

Our Chief in the Camp.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Booth will give special attention to our outside friends, and will conduct great demonstrations in the larger places. Special attention will be given to the enrolment of Auxiliaries. While, therefore, the Commandant's week will be behind the scenes, Mrs. Booth will be at the front, harping all with courage and cheer.

In no city in the Dominion is the Salvation Army more cordially and affectionately welcomed than here. The whole line of London. The WAR CRY does not yet seem to have wakened up to the fact that we have just carried into effect as imposing an enterprise as has marked the career of the Army in Canada. Doubtless we shall shortly be favoured with pictorial representations of this new fortress of salvation. The corps is now established in its new quarters. The barracks surveyed by me the other day, I give it my deliberate opinion, is not so much outmatched for its size by any building in the Army in any part of the world. Perhaps the crowning victory of the whole line in the fact that we have a barracks, housing six hundred people, with a beautiful west-night hall, with riding rooms on the most approved style, and containing three hundred, right in the heart of the city on one of the principal thoroughfares, and all at a rental of eight dollars a week. The popularity of the hall is attested by the fact that since it was opened, the corps has had larger congregations than for years gone by, and I confidently bespeak a magnificent winter campaign for the city.

Not in this all. Not only has the corps reaped the advantage of this transaction, but the Salvation Army as a whole. In addition to finding quarters for the provincial assistant, the field officers, and the janitor, building renting off other portions of the building, we have accommodation for what comprises, new it is fitted out, one of the nicest and best ordered Food and Shelter Depots in the world. On the top floor there are elegant quarters for the officers in charge. The corps has also secured a splendid dormitories for poor men. There is a commodious restaurant with its appointments and roomy kitchen, to any nothing of reading and lounging rooms, and commodious lavatories. Alongside we have our wood-yard with every convenience for employing the poor and for pushing an active little business. Truly, the troops have been placed in a place of London is to be tried under the most happy conditions, not the least of which is the appointment of Adjutant Miller and his wife to the command of the undertaking. They leave the city this week to prepare for the opening, which the Commandant hopes to carry into effect at the end of October. Meanwhile with every prayer for this undertaking, which has been launched solely for the glory of God, that it might be used for the salvation of many of the poorest of that city. Why not?

A change of a considerable number of district officers takes place at the end of the present month. "Is it?" Let everybody concerned pray that God may guide us to send you to the right place, and remember, that will be the place where you are most needed. One or two striking appointments will be announced. Look out and keep believing. "Lord, is it?"

Once again has the Army asserted its power and influence in high places. Eight years ago as a Salvationist could hardly unite with holy matrimony any two of his own community. In that matter we were subordinated to the more favored ministers of the flock of Christ. Let it be said to the honor of Canada, and let it be quoted forever as an evidence of the large-mindedness and freedom of her constitution, that she has in so short a space of time altered all that. In Ontario, Newfoundland, in Manitoba, and now in New Brunswick, we have seen the House of Commons has just granted us this power, we are on a footing with any other of any church, and Salvation soldiers may now be united by their own uniformed officers under the folds of their own banner. Well done, North-West! But what are Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Quebec doing? Is there any difference in the climate, or are there any obstacles of a political nature in these three provinces that hinder our legislation there as there is grant that has been so liberally and rightly accorded in the far West? It's bound to come.

The new celebrated author of the universally appreciated song, with the stirring and original chorus, "My job is 'em," has at last, after much solicitation, considerable hesitation, and not a little perplexity, hidden a final edition to the final shades of Ischaiah's hall and gone and joined himself to a fair citizen of a more remote country. Little did the transporting reader of the WAR CRY suppose the poet who composed that striking chorus would in so remarkable a manner exemplify the truth of his own utterance. But sure enough he's "joined 'em," and sure enough everyone who has known him will wish the happy pair every blessing God can shower upon united hands and hearts. No marriage of the many I have conducted ever gave me more

pleasure, and never did one appear more worthy the inspiration and blessing that follows in the wake of a true helpmeet than does my dear and faithful comrade the Major. Since the early days of his comradeship I have known and loved him, and we all pray that this step may prove the entering in to another better and more useful career than that which has filled up the long interval of years during which he has held the flag straight above his head and sworn by its principles. As to his wife. It was a trying ordeal to make one's first appearance in a new country among strangers on the night of one's wedding, but, God bless her, she did it well and grandly, and won all hearts by her simplicity and earnestness. Long life and many happy days, Major. And now you are married, what new fountains of inspiration and sentiment may we not expect to open up from out the sparkling pages of our dear old WAR CRY.

Major Reed has just recovered from a severe attack of sickness, brought on, doubtless, by overwork and strain. He has returned to Winnipeg, with his wife, after a most successful trip to the Coast. He speaks in glowing terms of all he has seen, and on the occasion of the General's visit. The Coast is all alive, too, on the question of the Jubilee Scheme. The Commandant has been down among the books and figures, and debts and mortgages, and it has taken double pressure on his knees to keep his soul from getting wizened up. The way some folks pay their WAR CRY accounts and rents is the best means the devil has yet contrived to choke the grace out of the present Commissioner's soul. Nevertheless he survives! God be praised, there'll be no mortgages in heaven! Major Friedrich is on his way home. He sailed by the s.s. City of Paris last Wednesday, and will reach Toronto about the third of October. A warm welcome awaits him, together with many matters of momentous importance. I take a true soldier has yet contrived to choke the grace out of, and hastened back to the post so much needing him. The Rescue Work at Winnipeg has been removed to more commodious premises. This will give the work in that city a splendid impetus. In another week we will see the William Booth once more proudly sailing the wide waters of Lake Ontario. Have you done your share to help him? I feel sure, my friend, just reading this. You are interested, I feel sure. Could you not send a note to relieve our burden, and thus have a share in her pilgrimages of mercy? DO TRY!

What will the harvest be? That is the question just now all round as the result of the Harvest Festival come pouring into Headquarters. It is too soon to speak yet; but so far, so good. One thing is certain, the target was not far off. The amount we pleaded ourselves to get at the June Conference. Shall we do it? I almost tremble for the answer. An increase of \$2,000 on the magnificent rise of last year, is a great deal to hope for, I admit. Up to date, however, the returns show that we are going straight for the goal. There have been some unpleasant drops which make us nervous, but on the other hand there have been magnificent, simply magnificent rises.

East Ontario has her records most complete. It would seem that Brigadier Scott has taken the whole Dominion by storm. I am afraid the other Brigadiers won't stand the ghost of a chance. I confess I am gloriously stunned. I put the steady but sure Brigadier down for \$1,000 on his share of the \$3,000. That was a rise on last year of nearly \$400 for seven corps. The Brigadier and his go-ahead staff have put my little faith to shame, and have kept clear over the moon. They have scored up to date the stupendous total of \$1,300, or a rise of nearly \$700. More than double. I want to know the Province that can beat this. I have my eye on the North-West, where they seem to be going once more to surpass themselves. Then there's Newfoundland. I have looked them. Major Morris, do you think you can leave East Ontario behind? Here is a chance for you. But about the Harvest Festival figures later on.

A thousand hallelujahs for the increased spirit of love and unity that now reigns among us. I feel somehow as if we were just beginning again. Nothing could be better than the spirit that has pervaded the various meetings, both public and private, with officers and soldiers, I have conducted the past few days in Toronto. Behold how beautiful a thing it is to love and trust one another. Thank you a thousand times, my dear comrades, for all the loving solicitude which you have made known your regard for your leaders for Christ's sake. I shall take with me to the General the memory of your pledges, and the sight of your shouts of loving good-bye on the platform of the Union Station at that early hour this morning. We shall win if we are true to God, and true to our General, and true to each other.

Canada Welcomes Our Veteran Leader, and will Show Her Appreciation of the Beneficent Services He has Rendered to Thousands of Her Subjects.



TORONTO, SEPT. 29, 1904.

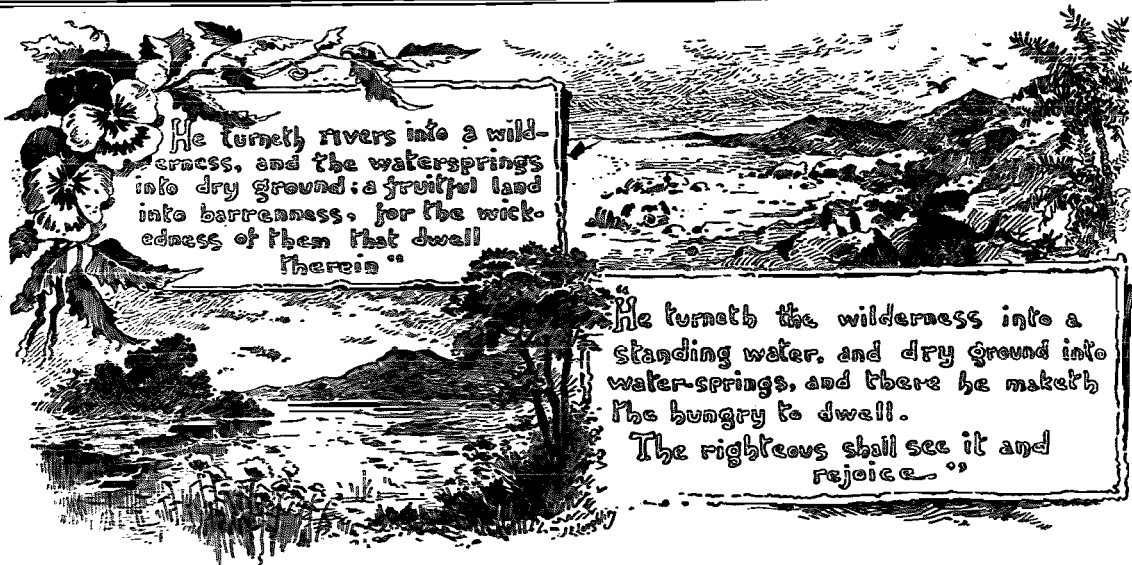
WAR CRY!

Hurrah! No stagnation, another

thousands of others, have induced the Commandant to decide on a very agreeable change in the WAR CRY—a change which is to come to full effect in our very next issue. We congratulate one and all. There seems little room to doubt that our present production is too cumbersome and unwieldy, and supplies far more matter than is read by the majority of readers

article is injured by the quality of paper used, although the very best has been provided that the expenses would admit. True, an indiscriminating taste may value quantity and take not a second thought about the quality of the article procured, but we have not, generally speaking, that class of people in Canada. We rejoice to know that our highly-favored

in literature and elsewhere. Our new CRY will be altered in size, printed on better paper, ornamented with a greater variety of type; the cuts will be brighter, and in fact, the dear old CRY will be throughout so sparkling and attractive that it will feel itself in its brightest and best, and delight everyone accordingly. We



THE NEW PROGRAM.

Not only shall we have an altered, revised, and improved WAR CRY generally, but we intend taking up more fully some of the splendidly original ideas promulgated by the Commandant some months ago, as also introducing some other new features. Amongst other things we expect to present our readers with the following course of reading regularly:—

1. A monthly review of the Army's advance throughout the world.
2. A weekly record of a completed Jubilee scheme.
3. How they die.
4. The World's Witness Box.
5. Corps' History.
6. Great Men on Great Matters.
7. Historical Events.
8. Canadian WAR CRY Contributors.
9. The Platform.
10. Our Auxiliaries, etc.

We ask again a renewal of that kindly sympathy which has been so generously extended to our paper by thousands of our comrades and friends hitherto, we ask that our comrades will consecrate themselves afresh to the CRY war, carrying the paper to every place, both good and evil, throughout the land, and above all, we ask from all the lovers of Christ a ministry of intercession on the WAR CRY's behalf, that every week it may go forth, not merely as cold type, but as an anointed messenger, capable in the hand of the Great King of convicting, converting and quickening on every hand. God grant that it may be so!

Salvationists and Friends, Attention!—We would like to inform you that we are able to provide you with the best, and only the best, of coal, hard and soft wood, and kindling, at reasonable prices, with satisfactory weight and measurement. Our yard, even now, is small for our increased business, and consequently we have no room for "cheap stuff." Prompt delivery is one of our specialties. By calling on phone 761 you may have your coal, wood, and kindling delivered to your door. Salvation Army Coal and Wood Yard, 761 Wilton Avenue and Victoria.

ADMITTANCE BY ONE WAR CRY.

Vancouver.—Our Harvest Festival meetings here have truly been a season of thankfulness. Our barracks were tastefully decorated with grain and evergreens. The attendance at all the meetings was good, and much interest was shown. On the Saturday night we had the "Drunkard's Home Scene" as the chief part, after which lunch was served, to which a fair number remained.

On Monday night we had a singing battle, which went with considerable vim and go. After the battle ice-cream was supplied, the demand for it being great. Our thanks are due to the friends who have aided us with contributions of money and goods. The goods were sold on Saturday and Monday nights at fair prices.

Wednesday night will be WAR CRY night, no one to be admitted without a copy of the CRY. We expect to greatly increase its sale.

Prince Albert.—The past few weeks we have been busy with the Harvest Festival. Our soldiers took hold of it well, and our friends helped by sending in vegetables. We had a very nice apartment. One of our comrades built a small house and fenced it in, and brought it along to the barracks. It looked very nice, and sold for a nice little sum. We had good crowds out to our special meetings, and we succeeded in raising \$89. We have been encouraged, too, lately by seeing three souls coming to God, and they are doing all they can to get others out for salvation. Capt. ISAACHE.

The ascent of the "War Cry"—handler shape, better effect of cuts. If we continue to develop this way, what shall we evolve into at last?



"GOOD-BYE, SUMMER!"

I.

The leaves are browning and thinning.
The swallows are southward skimming.
Good-bye, summer.

II.

The flowers are disappearing.
White-haired winter is nearing.
Good-bye, summer.

III.

What though the summer closes?
Winter has Christmas roses!
Good-bye, summer.

IV.

Ah! Hope is a strong man, given
To pilot us to Heaven.

GEORGE LOGAN.

Books and Publications.

I.—BY THE GENERAL.

ORDERS AND REGULATIONS FOR FIELD OFFICERS.—A book which should be in the possession of each Field Officer. Bound in Red Cloth, \$1.25. Bound in Red Leather, \$2.00.

ORDERS AND REGULATIONS FOR DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS.—All Scribes should use this, and every D. O. should have one in his office. 60 cents.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND, AND THE WAY OUT.—Paper Cover, 50 cts. Cloth, \$1.00.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—Limp Cover, 65 cts. Cloth Boards, 75 cts.

SALVATION SOLDIERY.—Cloth Board, 50 cts.

THE GENERAL'S LETTERS.—Cloth Boards, 50 cts. Paper Cover, 35 cts.

THE DOCTRINES OF THE SALVATION ARMY.—Cloth Cover, Limp, 15 cts.

HOLY LIVING, or, What the Army teaches about Sanctification.—Price each, 5 cts. Price per 100, \$3.

BOOKS BY MRS. BOOTH.

POPULAR CHRISTIANITY.—Cloth Boards, 60 cts.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.—Paper Cover, 35 cts. Cloth Boards, 50 cts.

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY.—Cloth Boards, 60 cts.

GODLINESS.—Cloth Boards, 65 cts.

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HELP THE HELPERS.

If you want to assist (1) Ex-prisoners; (2) The Rescue Homes; (3) Children's Shelter, and all Social operations of the Salvation Army, ring up Telephone 761, and drop a line to corner Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street, for all kinds of work.

Kindling, Wood and Coal. City Prices. Delivered.

HOW THEY DIE!

It takes all kinds of people to make a world. And, perhaps, the love of our pitiful Heavenly Father, is nowhere more fully displayed, than in His gentle dealing with His nervous, timid children in the hour of death. For, be it remembered, that all Christians are not like the heroic

In striking contrast to the deaths of the timid Christians mentioned above, was that of Mrs. Mary Winslow herself. The aged saint, of eighty-six or more summers, "like a shock of corn cometh in his season," lay on her death-bed. She was the honored mother of a large family. Several of her sons had become devoted ministers

BEYOND DEATH'S RIVER.

While we have been busy gathering in the fruits for our Harvest Festival, the Reaper, Death, has thrust his sickle into the ranks of the St. Catharines corps, taking away one of our most tried and true comrades, Sergeant Mrs. Bell.

She was one of the Army's first converts in this place, and for ten years has bravely stood by her post, in storm and sunshine. We are confident she is now reaping her reward in Glory.



fish girl Covenanters, who, when partially drowned, was cruelly brought back to life again to give her an opportunity to repent. "No, no," she exclaimed, "I am Christ's child, let me go." They let her go, and the brave young martyr went home to her Lord.

Very different was the case of a timid, nervous Scotch woman, dying in one of our little institutions some years ago. A poor, feeble, old creature, weakened in body—perhaps also in mind—by paralysis. Of a gentle, shrinking nature, she did not like the thought of death. Knowing her to be a faithful Christian, one of the nurses rushed to the poor sufferer lay moaning and putting on her bed, "I wonder that you, who are suffering so much, should be afraid to die."

"The old Scotch woman gravely replied, "There's nae fun in it." I should say not, indeed. It is a solemn thing to die. It is needless, however, to add, that when the last hour arrived, she was carried safely over Jordan in the strong arms of her Saviour.

Mrs. Mary Winslow, in her letters, mentions a similar case. Owing to the morbid, fearsome temperament of a pious acquaintance, who was sick unto death, it was impossible to see—humanly speaking—how such a Christian could be so comforted through. Our loving, Heavenly Father took her gently home in her sleep, so that His timid child had no time to frighten herself, as so many do, about the mere act of dying.

Oh, dear Salvationist brothers and sisters, we shall have, even in death, victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. May God, the Holy Spirit, comfort us in this solemn hour, and enable us to give burning testimonies for Jesus.

Several times I have come nearly dying myself; once this last spring, and in terrible agony from spasms. All was nearly over, the head nurse was called from her bed just in time to apply the remedies, that, under God, saved my life. I can joyfully testify to the all-sufficiency of the grace of Jesus. Moaning in mortal agony, I could still remark to the attendants that it would be so nice to get home to heaven and see Christ. Then again, the blissful thought of working for Him in the Army (I had only become a soldier a month or two previously), reconciled me to a life of pain, and I could thankfully leave the matter to Christ. During the succeeding fortnight of danger, I could not choose either to live or die. I felt how delightful it

of our Lord, and no wonder, for, oh, how faithfully and constantly had their mother laid both them, and afterwards her numerous grandchildren, at the feet of Christ in loving, earnest prayer. Many of these children gathered round her bed. The last moment was rapidly approaching. Lying perfectly quiet, gazing heavenward, she exclaimed most joyfully, "I see Him, I see Him!"

"Whom do you see, dearest mamma?" inquired one of her minister-sons.

With the light of glory on her face, still looking upwards, the dying Christian could only repeat more emphatically still,

"I See Him, I See Him!" and triumphantly she departed to be with Jesus, the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.

M. S., Special Correspondent.

During her illness she never murmured, but her testimony was always, "Praise God." She was more than conqueror through Him Who loved us.

We buried her in the uniform she loved so well, and gave her an Army funeral.

The funeral service, conducted by Ensign Arkett, was attended by over 200 people. Each comrade testified to the help and inspiration received from her. We felt that she was the mother of the corps. Ensign Turner also spoke of her constant life during his command. He urged the unswayed to live for God.

We marched from the barracks to the cemetery, the band playing

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast."

We felt that we could truly say, "O,

Grave, where is thy victory? O, Death, where is thy sting?"

At the open grave-side we bellowed every comrade silently renewed their vows to be true to God, the flag, and each other, and meet our sister in the Morning.

¶ We held the memorial service on Sunday night. God came near, many hearts were touched, and we finished with three souls at the Cross. Lieut. FRED. YOUNG.

Our beloved salvation comrades

Are leaving one by one,
They have fought and won life's battles,
And now hear the glad "Well done."
They have safely passed death's river,
And now rest beyond the battle's roar,
If we're true to God we'll meet them
On that happy golden shore.

Our comrade off has borne us
To the throne, on prayer and faith's strong wings.

And now with Christ, her Saviour,
Around the Throne she sings.
Although our hearts feel sad at parting,
And on earth we shall see her never more,
If we are true to God we shall meet her
Over on the other shore.

If we keep our garments spotless
And fight the battle through,
We shall meet with all our loved ones
In the land beyond the blue.
Soon these dearly gales will open,
And we'll enter in with Christ to dwell,
To be welcomed by the Saviour,
And our comrade, Sister Bell.

F. Y., for St. Catharines Corps.



PROMOTIONS—

Lieutenant Amelia Ethelme, of Newfoundland, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Pierce Duvall, of Newfoundland, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Walter Rice, of Newfoundland, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Jessie Goring, of Newfoundland, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Ada Thomas, of Western Province, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Sarah Corlett, of Western Province, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Frank Bird, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Jessie Ayling, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Dora Meikle, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Clara Slat, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.
Lieutenant William Carter, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.
Cadet J. Hicock, of Newfoundland, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet Wm. Hawkins, of Newfoundland to be Lieutenant.
Cadet Annie Hurst, of Western Province, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet Maud Davidson, of Western Province, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

Captain Ethelme, to Tilt Cove, Newfoundland.
Captain Duvall, to St. John's, Newfoundland.
Captain Rice, to Grand Bank, Newfoundland.
Captain Goring, to schooner Glad Tidings, Newfoundland.
Lieutenant Hicock, to schooner Glad Tidings, Newfoundland.
Lieutenant Hurst, to Monmouth, N.W.T.
Lieutenant Davidson, to West Westminster, B.C.
Captain Thomas, to Victoria, B.C.
Captain Corlett, to Nanaimo, B.C.
Captain Bird, to Victoria, Ontario.
Captain Ayling, to St. John's, Quebec.
Captain Meikle, to Bedford, Quebec.
Captain Slat, to Truro, Ontario.
Captain Carter, to Pembroke, Ontario.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

TURN—I Have Heard of a Saviour's Love.
(B.J., 63.)

I have been in the darkness of sin,
Away from my Saviour and God,
My heart has been hard and unloving,
And burdened with many a load.

CHORUS.

Yes, oh yes, Jesus purchased redemption for me.
(Repeat.)



The Life Story of David Wilson.

DRUNK AT SEVEN—AN INTOXICATED ENGINE-DRIVER CAPTURED BY THE ARMY—SAVED FOR EIGHT YEARS.

The subject of this sketch was not what people would call a moral man, but rather, a man possessed with devils. He was born at Stellarton, N. S., in the year 1847. He does not remember much about his life before he was seven years old, when for the first time he got drunk.

There had been two pensioners at his father's, and they were having some gin today. They asked him if he would have a little drop; he said, "Yes." The consequence was that he got drunk, and thought that the road was coming up to meet him.

While at school he was, like most boys, full of fun and mischief. While at school he acquired the habit of tobacco chewing, and in later years he became a regular slave to it.

At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a tailor. While here he got mixed up with bad company, and steadily went on.

A Downward Career.

One night the brew tailor went out on a drunk; his wife came into the shop and got one of the apprentices to go after him, but he got drunk with his master; then she sent the second one, and he did likewise. David was then sent, and he also stayed with them, and the consequence was that they all came home drunk between two and three o'clock in the morning.

He kept on this way, and also commenced playing cards.

He often would go down his father's cellar and steal whiskey out of the barrels, and when he wanted it somewhere else he would steal the money out of the till. By this time his apprenticeship was finished, so he started business for himself, and did well, making lots of money, but still being

BROTHER DAVID WILSON, WESTVILLE.

Added to Drink

his business was not long in going to pieces.

He soon gave up altogether, and started to sell liquor. After selling it for a little while he got caught, and was convicted, and rather than pay the fine he went to gaol for twenty days. While here the other rum-sellers often sent him liquor, so as to "keep him well-soaked." One day he got two old chums and set them drunk. On another occasion he gave liquor to the jailer's wife and her wash-woman. This roused the jailer's temper, but he was also caught to come and have some so there was still a little left.

At last he got out, but he was just as bad as ever. He still kept on selling

Liquor on the Sty

until he was found out and was convicted, and would have again been fined, or imprisoned, but he left the place and went to Cape Breton for four or five months, where he drove a baiting engine. He came home again, and gave up the whiskey selling as a bad job. He was living at Vale Cullery at this time, and he would often go to his work more drunk than sober, but when once he got a hold of the engine handles he would be all right.

While at work he would have his bottle of whiskey or brandy near at hand, and when thirsty would take a drink. One afternoon while at work four of them drank five gallons of porter between them, and he was discharged for being drunk while at work.

He went away to Springhill, N. S., then came to Westville, where he worked at the mines for two years. All this time he had

Family Worship,

and used to read his Bible. He came home drunk one night, and started to have family worship; his wife tried to persuade him not to, asking him why he was not frightened that the Lord would strike him dead owing to the state he was in. But he got down on his knees to pray, and fell asleep while he was praying, and did not wake till morning.

When his wife got up and saw him she was frightened, and thought he was dead.

But at last the Army opened fire on New Glasgow.

pay-day and they thought that he would get drunk; but, no, he went to the rum-shanty, sold his rum-bill, and told them that would be his last.

This is now over eight years ago, and he is still a living witness for God, proving each day that He is able to keep from sin. Praise God, what He has done for Brother Wilson. He is able to do it for you, unsaved reader. Seek Him now while you have time and opportunity.

DRUNK AT THE FAMILY ALTAR.



Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER DE BARRETT.

Our Harvest Festival meetings are once more a thing of the past, and have left in their train seasons of blessing, light, and inspiration, as well as being a good financial success.

The results, all told, are away ahead of last year, most of the corps going beyond last year's amounts. The most creditable increases on last year are as follows:—

Hamilton I., \$61.85; Hamilton II., \$32.18; Lindsay, \$17; Barrie, \$12.11; Riverside, \$9.08; Faversham, \$7.10; Ligar St., \$7; Dundas, \$6.50; Dovercourt, \$4.17; Port Perry, \$3.71; Niagara Falls, \$3; Parry Sound, \$3; Richmond St., \$2.69; Midland, \$2.55; Huntsville, \$2.50; Stayner, \$1.91; making a total increase on the above corps over last year of \$176.35.

At the time of writing Oxbridge, Aurora, Sherburne, Tyrone, Orillia, St. Catharines, Oshawa, and Stouffville were yet to hear from, which no doubt will bring the increases up higher still. Taking into consideration the difficult task just at the present to raise cash, these rises speak very hopefully.

Our different barracks, too, were very tastefully decorated, the most tastefully decorated one in the city being Riverside, which reflects great credit on the corps. As far as I can judge, St. Catharines appears to have come out best for decorations outside of Toronto.

Lippincott Harvest Festival was rather novel, being held on Wells' Hill under canvas.

We thank God for victories won, and press on to brighter days.

Our Provincial Demonstration in Toronto is also a thing of the past. As these meetings are already written up I shall just touch on them briefly.

Right throughout they were very deeply spiritual, a great spirit of oneness and loyalty to the flag prevailed; officers were united in their expressions of love for the General, Commandant and Mrs. Booth, and our leaders throughout the Dominion, and have great faith for high tides during the General's campaign in this country.

The Brigadier went very minutely into the figures of every district and corps and found out just our strength and where we were weak.

Officers saw their work as it is, and one and all resolved to buckle on and work more than ever, so that God and the Army can depend on them.

As many officers were farwelling from corps the Brigadier set apart one night for a commissioning and appointing officers to their new commands.

The following have changed appointments:—

Capt. Staigers and Lieut. Barker, to Orillia; Capt. Richmond and Lieut. Legge, to Huntsville; Capt. and Mrs. McClelland, to Gravenhurst; Captain Lewis, to Midland; Capt. Barr, to Barrie; Capt. Wiseman, to Stroud;

Capt. Hardman, Capt. Smith, and Lieut. Ada Young. Let us pray: God may strengthen them, and bring them back refreshed for the fight.

Mrs. Ensign Dowell and Mrs. Capt. Markle are also taking a short rest to try and regain strength for the war.

Mrs. Turner is at Riverside at present, managing the corps till the officer comes on. She reports a good day Sunday, and three souls.

Capt. Attwell is taking leave from us here at P. H. Q. S., and with his euphonium, in trying to bring sinners to God at the Falls for the time being, in company with Captains Green, Jones, and Brothers Dale and Williamson.

Our little musical troupe have started out again on their mission, this time doing the Bowmanville district. May God's blessing attend their labors!

All around the Province we purpose going in straight for souls, and making this fall and winter a great season of revival.

We don't forget to pray for our General and the Commandant in the East, and are anxiously looking forward to their visit to this part of the world with faith for a mighty conquest. It shall be so.

ENSIGN TURNER, A.D.C.



100 AND OVER.

Sgt. Henderson, Ottawa..... 100
Sgt. H. Anderson, Ottawa..... 101
Capt. Thomas, Victoria..... 102
Sgt. Kelly, Nanaimo..... 103

90 AND OVER.

Mrs. Edna Moore, Windsor, Ont..... 90
Sgt. Mrs. Lindley, Victoria..... 91
Sister Patterson, Calgary..... 92
Mrs. Ensign Moore, Windsor, Ont..... 93
Sgt.-Major Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott..... 94

80 AND OVER.

Sister Patterson, Nanaimo..... 80
Father Dickson, Toronto..... 81
Belle Leckie, Brockville..... 82

70 AND OVER.

Bro. Brown, Nanaimo (2 weeks)..... 70
Sister Jackson, Calgary..... 71
Ensign Moore, Windsor, Ont..... 72
Capt. Will, Windsor, Ont..... 73
Capt. Major, Victoria..... 74
Mrs. Russell, Brockville..... 75
Belle Leckie, Brockville..... 76
Lieut. Edna, Lindsay..... 77
Capt. Braggins, Berlin..... 78

60 AND OVER.

Sgt.-Major Oshin, Halifax..... 60
Jerrie Tweed, Sarnia..... 61
Capt. Will, Windsor, Ont..... 62
Trooper Barker, Victoria..... 63
Lieut. Mitchell, New Westminster..... 64
Lieut. Hilde, Sherbrooke..... 65
Capt. Curry, Toronto..... 66
Capt. Moore, Victoria..... 67
Lieut. London, Tilsonburg..... 68
Odel Leckie, Lindsay..... 69
Sgt. Russell, Brockville..... 70
Sister Patterson, Sherbrooke..... 71
John Edna, Lindsay..... 72
Fanny Bowen, Lindsay..... 73

50 AND OVER.

Sister Spinks, Yarmouth..... 50
Mrs. Russell, Lindsay..... 51
Odel Brink, Ligar St..... 52
Odel Graham, Ligar St..... 53
Mrs. Moore, Ligar St..... 54

HURRAH

FOR THE

Light Brigade!!!

By, there, Captain, your Corps is Asked to Share in the Immortal Honors of this Regiment.

HOW TO DO IT!

Send in the name of a reliable man or woman—soldier, friend, or Auxiliary—with his or her consent, of course, who has some leisure, and plenty of game and "go," and who will give their services gratis, for Jesus' sake, and the sake of the "poor Lazaruses" who are crying for help, to act in the capacity of local agent for the G.B.M. boxes.

WHEN TO DO IT!

Now is the time. The winter is at hand, and as it draws nearer, the portents point to greater demands being made upon our Social Institutions. The "Light Brigade" has within it reach the "sins of war." The citadel of Canada's sympathy and generosity can be carried by united effort and holy enthusiasm. It is only a question of improving and developing the resources closed as through this glorious enterprise.

We Boxholders!

Forward Local Agents!

Lead on Provincial Agents!

WHO WOULDN'T JOIN THE "LIGHT BRIGADE?"

WILL YOU DO IT?

That is the question. Admiration—good as it is—is not sufficient. Sentiment is not tangible enough. Practical aids are wanted for the "Light Brigade." Will you take a box and use it? or, if you have one already, are you using it regularly?

DON'T FIRE BLANK CHARGES—

they don't kill. If every member of the "Light Brigade" (every boxholder) would make it a point to give the devil a shot, if only to the extent of twenty-five cents every quarter (two cents a week), the legions of darkness would quake and flee before the "charge" of this regiment.

A CHANGE OF TACTICS.

Instead of collecting the amounts and forwarding the same on a set date as hitherto, the Provincial Agents (after the first of October) will collect the amounts on his visit to the corps. The local agent will receive at least fourteen days' notice of the P.A.'s visit, and will have all the boxes examined, and the amount ready for the P.A. when he arrives.

LOCAL AGENTS, ATTENTION!

On receiving intimation from your Provincial Agent of his visit, you will practically assist us in making the scheme the success it is capable of being made by having all the boxes examined and renewed, and the amount ready to hand to the P.A. Promptitude and dash is the secret of victory in this

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

MAQUINISTA.

THE WAR was eventually finished. The troops went home and the Active went to Capetown, calling at every port as she went along.

While at the Cape I heard



about wonderful fortunes being made at the diamond fields. There were no

mines then, all surface digging.

I deserted. It was the greatest mistake of my life. I went to the fields, and came back disappointed, having tramped 1,400 miles through a wild country.

On arriving at the coast I shipped on a German vessel, and left her at the first port she went to, and after being on shore a few days shipped again in

A French Barque,

and went on board over night in order to be ready for work in the morning. Before turning to, we each received a glass of brandy from the mate, so I began to think I had struck a good ship, but did not remain in that deluded condition long, for at breakfast I went to the fore-cabin and found all hands gathered round what seemed to be a tub of dirty water with something floating about in it. Each man was making frantic endeavors to catch the floater, and doing his level best to get more than his neighbor. I stood looking on for a few minutes. I had never seen anything like it except in a hog-pen.

One of the crew noticed me, and good-naturedly interested himself in my behalf, pushed some of the men away from the tub, forced his spoon into my hand, grabbed me by the arm, every member of his body began to talk, and gesticulating wildly he dragged me towards the stowaway-looking men, shouting

"Munkey, Johnny, Munkey."

I fished for awhile, but catching nothing I carried the tub aft to the skipper and told him in language more forcible than polite that if he wanted me to work he must give me something to eat.

He seemed astonished and said, "Vy, I vood you lalke von Engleese abentamenen." To which I replied that I desired to be fed like an English sailor, not like an English gentleman, for it struck me he referred to the brandy.

He was a thin, spare man, an ideal Shylock. Had he been stout I might have described him as Dickens' fat head, horror-stricken when Oliver Twist asked for more.

I had very few things to part, in fact, hadn't enough clothes to make a suit of sails for a topsail, so called a boat and pulled for the shore.

The same day I shipped again for Melbourne. The whole crew left as soon as the vessel was fast to the wharf and went to

Old Bendig's Gold Fields,

now Sandhurst; but like the diamond fields, I found where one man succeeded one hundred failed and starved, while the precious yellow dust, so much coveted, might be lying close to their feet.

After a little while I went back to Melbourne, and shipped again in one of the clipper boats to London, where we arrived after a pleasant passage of four months. I had the joy of seeing my mother and sisters, after an absence of six years. I lived at my aunt's, and saw my relatives there.

My mother was very proud of her boy. I used to call her "little mother," and



when I took her for a walk she would take my arm, and cling to me like a child.

her dear eyes sparkling with joyous delight, and

her sweet, patient face flushed with honest, motherly pride. She seemed to think her talents she had in her imagination credited him with were not appreciated.

Dear, Dear, Mother!

the best, the most faithful friend we have, next to Jesus.

I only stayed home three weeks, then went off to the States, made a voyage in a Yankee barque, and then joined the United States navy, and was at once sent on board the Wyoming. I liked the ship and did very well, being promoted to coxswain of the



Out in the Cold World.

WHO WILL VOLUNTEER FOR THE RESCUE WORK?

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY.

Saved in the Hospital—A Warning to Backsliders.



Our hearts have been rejoiced over two precious souls who, on our visit one Friday at the hospital, gave their hearts to God. As we visit this place, we always pray for Jesus to bless us, and make us to

blessing to those whom we have learned to love.

One dear man, as soon as we entered his ward, said to us, "God sent you. Oh," he says, "what I have suffered for three days and nights, God only knows."

We began to sympathize with him, thinking he had suffered physical pain.

"Oh," he said as he wept, "it's my soul, it's my soul! I've forgotten the pain of my body."

We began to pray and to enquire in what way had he grieved God.

"Oh," he said, "I was once a man that loved and served God with my whole heart. God saved me from a drunkard's hell. I was four years a soldier; but—but—" and then the tears ran down that poor, sick, sunken face. He said, "God used me in the salvation of the worst men in my own neighborhood. The devil got me to believe there was an easier way, and from the day I began to take it easy I began to backslide; but I feel if I will take up my cross, God will help me," and as we knelt and prayed, and he prayed and wept, Jesus did accept his prayer. So we bid him good-bye, and left him praising God.

We must continue our visiting and distribute our WAR CRIES; but as we entered another ward, we noticed a dead—about sixteen or eighteen—beckoning to us with his poor, dying hand, and as he took hold of one of the sister's hands, and pointed to her badge, said, "Oh, it's so good to shake hands with a Salvationist!" We ask him what we can do for him. One sister said, "Have you any friends?" and in a whisper he answered:

"Not in this country."

"Can we write to your mother?"

"Yes."

"What will we tell her?"

"Tell her I am here in the hospital."

"But are you ready to die, can we write her?"

"Oh, no; don't tell her that, for I am not."

So, as our sister saw at once he had only a few hours to live, began to pray, and asked him to pray, and, as he in whisper prayed but a few short sentences, God heard his last dying words, and he looked so different as he said, "Tell her I am ready to die," and in a few hours passed away to be with Jesus.

So our time is spent in this place trying, with God's help, to do all we can for God and souls.

Mrs. WATTS, League of Mercy.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN SHARP.

Who has not heard of the Thousand Islands, that are studded in the beautiful River St. Lawrence between Kingston and Brockville, where thousands of people spend their summer holidays?

This is one of the loveliest sights that you can find on the American continent.

GANANOQUE, situated in the centre of them, on the Canadian side, right on the bank of the river, is to have a visit from our beloved General on Friday, October 12th. He will steam up through the islands by the a.s. *General Booth*, and land at Rathbun's dock.

Immediately after landing there will be an address of welcome read by

The Mayor.

and reception from the citizens of Gananoque on the Market Square, finishing up with a public meeting at night in the Presbyterian Church.

KINGSTON, the ancient Limestone City of Canada, built on the rock, and standing as solid as the rock, at the mouth of the Rideau and St. Lawrence, connecting with Lake Ontario, with its towers, fort, and military barracks, jail and penitentiary, hospitals and asylum, churches and mission halls, with accommodation for every soul that wants to hear the Gospel, is the next honored place to have a visit from our great leader.

Landing at Folger's wharf at three p.m., there will be a public reception and address of welcome read by Mayor Herald on the Market Square, who will be proud of the honor to welcome one of the greatest men of

The Nineteenth Century

to the city of Kingston.

After the reception is over there will be a large procession through the principal streets. This will be one of the largest, the most attractive and exciting processions that have ever marched the streets of Kingston.

Will you will be there to see it?

It will finish up with a great welcome banquet in the Salvation Army barracks.

Saturday night at eight p.m. we meet in the Sydenham Street Methodist Church school-room, kindly loaned to us for the purpose of holding a soldiers' and friends' meeting.

Sunday the knee-drill and holiness meeting will be held in the barracks; the afternoon and night meetings will be held in

The Skating Rink

in Union Street.

Monday, after having held a select meeting with the ministers, students and friends in the Convocation Hall, the General will leave by boat, steaming up the bay to Pictou, where preparations have been made to give the General a great welcome to the town. The Mayor promised to get up an address of welcome. The Market Square is the place where the public are invited to come and meet the General. A public meeting will be held in the First Methodist Church at night.

Tuesday we get up steam for BELLEVILLE.

What, do you pass by Deseronto, and it on the way, simply because it is a small corps?

Not so, we do not pass this corps by, but have arranged to hold a noon-day meeting in the Methodist Church which has been kindly given to us for the occasion.

BELLEVILLE we shall reach at five p.m. Arrangements are being made so that thousands will both see and hear the General. Public meeting will be held in the First Methodist Church.

Wednesday we board the train for Port Hope, and we have arranged to hold a noon-day meeting in the Opera House. So you see that the General is giving the lion's share of his meetings to some of the hardest corps that are to be found in the East Ontario Province. What a noble example

Our Brave Leader

is setting before us! May the good Lord give us grace to walk in his footsteps.

At night he passes on to Lindsay, a corps that is not in the East Ontario Province.

From Lindsay he comes to Peterboro', arriving there at 11.30 a.m. This is the last place that the General will visit in the East Ontario Province, and I really believe that it shall be the best, for do we not read in the Bible that the best wine was kept till the last? I am sure the Peterboro' braves will leave no stone unturned to make the meetings a glorious success—the largest for crowds, the best for money, the grandest for welcome, and the greatest for soul-saving.

What is to become
of the Aborigines
of our country?

WHAT WILL
YOU DO TO
SAVE THEM?



Commandant and Mrs. Booth, our own Canadian leaders, will travel with the General. They believe in working hard for God here, there, and everywhere, cheering and inspiring their officers and soldiers. Everyone will be glad to meet them and give them a real Canadian welcome.

Colonel Lawley, the General's right-hand man, is a man of God, full of fire and holy zeal. He is sure to be on hand. I feel sure he will fall in love with us, and we shall love and welcome him in our midst.

Warton.—Harvest Festival was a grand success here. God enabled us to hit our target and burn over. It also proved a great spiritual blessing. Our barracks was full, and all seemed to enjoy the wind-up.

But at last the Army opened fire in New Glasgow.

West Ontario Jottings

BY BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

Anonymous letters. Once in a while one of these ever unwelcome and useless articles turns up at Headquarters. A few things about them always perplex me:

1. How can an individual be mean enough to put on record an array of mere surmises, which they often are?

2. If the things they write about are facts, how can an individual possess enough of the good quality of faithfulness to cause them to go to the trouble of writing them out, and yet not possess sufficient of the man as to attach their own signature? Manhood would surely suggest, that where wrongs are existent to such a degree as to need reporting, the following would be the honorable and safe course to take:

- (a) Record the facts on paper, with signature attached.
- (b) Take and read them to the individual you are writing about.
- (c) If satisfaction is not given, send them on to Headquarters with an outline of what you have done.

ing. Ensign Maltby was rejoicing over the prospect for Harvest Festival, had got \$15 already. Discussed the war till near one o'clock a.m.

Astir at 5:45 same morning, first train for Palmerston. Ensign Fraser jubilant over a sheep story. A gentleman lost four sheep, challenges Ensign to find them. If he can, one is to go for Harvest Festival. A search is made, sheep counted. "I forgot I had sold some; they're all right," exclaims the man, adding, "I won't go back on my word; choose the one you'll take, Ensign." "I'll take what you give," is the Ensign's policy. Result: gets the best, the very best in the flock for Harvest Festival.

The meeting at Palmerston was a rouser. One soul volunteered at finish.

On to Warton for Saturday night. Harvest Festival all the go here, too. Six and a half pairs of chickens, a goose, a pig, etc., etc. Barracks looks decent. Apples, corn, potatoes, plums, etc., etc., are profuse—very well arranged. Good meeting.

Drive to Owen Sound for Sunday—distance twenty-two miles. Rough roads—frightful—rig breaks, our backs suffer the consequence. No fear of going to sleep. Land at quarters 1:45; Captain Robertson and Sayers on hand. A hot cup, and off to rest.

Harvest Festival Sunday and Monday was put in at Owen Sound. We prayed, pounded and pleaded from the start till the finish. God's Spirit worked with the people, but not one would surrender. Pray for Owen Sound. Ald. Miller, our kind and long-tried Army friend, has not missed a knee-drill for ten years.

A thirty-mile drive next lands us at Chesley. The Harvest Festival was postponed for the visit. The barracks presented a pretty and attractive appearance, being tastefully decorated with grain, flowers, evergreens, etc. Rev. Mr. Philmore, of the Baptist Church, and Rev. Mr. Davey, Methodist, came to the meeting, took the platform, each doing a good time.

Captain Wiggins, of Brantford, has been arrested for holding open air at corner of street, was placed in lock-up, bailed out. In the police court next morning the case was dismissed.

Five souls knelt at the Cross at Chatham on Sunday night, 2nd September, one on the night previous. Hallelujah! 150 were turned away from the Lunatic Citadel the same Sunday night with the cry, "No room."

The address of West Ontario Provincial office now is, "Salvation Citadel, Clarence Street, London, Ont.

Morton's Harbor.—After months of hard toil we received glad news of our new tank, Major Morris, being about to us. We were anxiously looking out when here comes the

"GLAD TIDINGS"

with flying colors, gliding across the harbor with a number of our brother officers, including the district officer, Ensign Goody, and our dear major, sending the strains of music in the ears of everybody in reach of sound. It was really enough to make one dance. Had a glorious meeting at night; much contribution, but no one would yield. Next day the Major visited our school and talked to and sang for the children. They were much interested. Then, being kindly invited by our major, we went with them to a service, where we saw the power of God displayed in the salvation of five precious souls. We were also very much blessed in our own souls, and after they all went away, leaving Capt. Bell and her lieutenant and Cadet Tilly and myself, we sat awhile in the twilight and talked and prayed, and cheered each other. Cadet Graham, Lieut. St. Cadet Moore, Lieut. St.

3. "What do you do with anonymous letters?" do you ask? Either one of two things—put them in the waste-paper basket, or send them direct to the individual concerned.

"I received your letter to-day re Harvest Festival. You can reckon on me doing my utmost to make this a grand success in this place to get the target. Although I am a stranger, I will soon make myself known, in town, in farmyard and granary, in the chicken coup, potato patch and cornfield, you will see — will not be behind this time," was the reply the Brigadier received from one of his officers re Harvest Festival. All right, Captain.

Ensign Cass' despatch reads: "Since last report fourteen souls have professed a change of heart. We have reached McClelland, to Gravenhurst; Captain Lewis, to Midland; Capt. Barr, to Barrin; Capt. Wiseman, to Stroud;